

# CAVALCADE

A woman with dark hair, wearing a vibrant purple short-sleeved dress, is posed sitting on a large yellow rectangular block. She is leaning back slightly, looking towards the camera with a slight smile, and holding a lit cigarette in her mouth. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with green foliage and a pale blue sky with wispy clouds.

1/6

JULY, 1953

**Massacre on  
the Murray**

— Page 4

**They wanted to  
change sex—** Page 14

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for  
transmission by post as a periodical.



For Qualifier Tents  
**Crusader  
 Cloth**  
 GUARANTEED  
 NEVER TO  
 FADE OR SHRINK



# Cavalcade

CONTENTS ★ JULY, 1953  
 VOL. 18, No. 2

## FACT

Massacre on The Murray	H. A. Lindsay	4
The Verdict of Shock Treatment	Michael Evans	8
Troopers In The Palace	James Holliday	12
The Daring Deacons	Wai King	16
Explosion in Florida	Kurt Stager	20
They Worked To Change Sex	Cen Williams	24
The Mysterious World Of The Green Floor	Raymond Green	28
A Fair Feller Fighter	Ray Mitchell	32
The Queen Who Killed Her Lover	D. K. Lane	36
The Gypsy And The Seawing Weath	Angus Haywood	40

## FICTION

The Atom Bomb Case	J. Harvey Haggard	44
A Cup of Coffee	Gena Jagan	48
Once a Doctor	John Bender	52

## FEATURES

End of Arguments	28
Picture Stories	29-31, 32-34
Crime Capsules	36
Science—by Gibson	48-49
Stranger and Stranger	50
Poems to Better Health	55
Senior Stars of the Silver Screen	60-63
Double Columns	72
Picture Mystery, featuring Kath King	71-73
Talking Points	80
Cartoons	7, 11, 15, 16, 22, 71, 81, 87, 91, 92, 93
Names in cartons and writings other than fiction are fictitious.	

Printed by Cumberland Newspapers Ltd., Macquarie Street, Parramatta. For the paper area  
 Cavalcade Magazine Pty Ltd., 55 Young Street, Sydney, to which company all correspondence  
 should be addressed. (FRANK J. COLLIER, Editor-in-Chief)  
 Produced by P. E. C. Murray Publishing Co. Pty Ltd., Sydney. Publisher: KIM C.  
 MURRAY. Editor: RAY MITCHELL. General Manager: RICH T. SMITH. Circulation  
 Editor: ALBERT A. MURRAY. Production: WALTER KAVANAGH. Advertising Manager:  
 WALTER CHARLES. Promotion: JOHN MINNITT. Circulation Manager: DAVID BRIDGES.  
 All Departments: CORNELIUS SMITH.  
 Sales Distribution: Graham and Goetz.

## ADVERTISING

COLIN A. FITZPATRICK, Pty Ltd., 55 Young Street, Sydney. SU 2121. • RUTH S.  
 MARSHALL, 45 Russell Street, Melbourne. YR 2625. • J. ABRAHAM L. THORPE, 114  
 Church Building, Greater Place Adelaide. LRD 5254.

# massacre

## on the Murray

With the massacre of whites by natives in South Australia came mystery. One still remains unsolved.

THE massacre of the crew and passengers of the *Martha* stands out in Australian history as the worst atrocity ever committed by aborigines against the white settlers. Twenty-seven helpless men, women and children were butchered for the sake of their clothing and a few personal possessions which they had saved from the wreck of the ship on which they had sailed. The punitive measures authorized by Governor Gawley brought a storm of undevoted reproaches on his head; his name was not cleared until after his death.

The story of the reasons for the basis of a novel of pioneering days, and one mystery connected with it has never been solved.

The first inkling of the tragedy reached Adelaide on July 16, 1834, when a trooper on a sweet-scented horse galloped up King William Street to the office of Major O'Halloran, the Commissioner of Police.



H. A. LINDSAY

The message from Sergeant McFarlane, of the Encounter Bay police station, was that local natives had reported a vessel wrecked on the coast north of the mouth of the Murray, and that all the passengers and crew had been murdered by the Milneburn tribe of natives.

Governor Gawley was notified and he sent Captain Pullen, a competent naval officer who later rose to the rank of admiral, to investigate the report. Accompanied by five seamen and interpreters, Pullen went to Encounter Bay to carry out his task.

On August 11 Pullen returned to Adelaide and presented his report to the Executive Council. In a hollow among the sand dunes on the seaward side of the Coorong lagoon, his party had found the remains of ten Europeans, two men, two women, three boys, two girls and a female baby. All had been fearfully battered about the head and stripped of their clothing.

After burying the bodies in a common grave and collecting a few scraps of personal property, the party had moved farther down the Coorong, to meet natives wearing portions of European clothing. All refused to answer the questions of the interpreters. Pullen had hurried back to Adelaide with his report.

When both the Advocate-General and Judge Cooper had expressed the opinion that the crime was beyond the reach of the ordinary British law, Governor Gawley instructed Major O'Halloran to muster every available police trooper and to proceed at once to the spot where the murders had been committed. There he was to round up, "if possible, without bloodshed," the guilty tribe.

Having identified the ringleaders, he was to "bring to summary justice, by executing them in front of

the assembled tribe, not more than three of the actual murderers." He was also to make it clear to the Milneburns that it was an act of retaliatory justice.

The country where the Milneburns used to live—their tribe is now extinct—is a long and narrow peninsula, bounded by the ocean on one side and the immense Coorong lagoon on the other.

O'Halloran's party landed on its northern end, fired a line of musket-ball men across it, and moved south, leaving the cover as they advanced. The majority of the tribe was rounded up and the adults were found to be wearing bloodstained articles of European clothing.

As soon as the Milneburns had been mastered, O'Halloran held a court-martial. Through the interpreters, the tribe admitted having killed the outlaws and indicated two of their young men, Mumpur-wah and Pilgan, as the ringleaders. This pair of dandy had men had one feature in common; each had been taken from their savage, mercurial natives.

When all present were satisfied that these two men were indeed the leaders in the brutal murders, they were hanged on a gallows erected for the purpose on the spot where some of their victims had been slain.

From letters found by some rapped mailbags near the scene of the crime, the identity of the missing vessel was established. She was the brigantine *Martha*, which had sailed from Port Adelaide on June 1, bound for Hobart. Her master, Captain W. E. Smith, had his wife with him and her passenger list was Samuel Denham, with his wife, their five children and James Smith, their servant; Mrs. York and her infant daughter; Mr. and Mrs. George Green, Mr. and Mrs.

Thomas Donald and Mr. Alex. Murray. The crew comprised the mate, five seamen, a cook and a boy.

Searching for survivors the police found only more bodies.

Then a rumour circulated in Adelaide that Murgomwara and Pajpai had been selected for execution because they were the wildest men in the tribe. Years later, in his novel of the pioneering days, *Forcing the Way*, Stephen Murgomwara perpetuated the libel. After his recall to England, Governor Gawler was censured for "Ordering the execution of aborigines without a proper trial" for so soon after the case, public sympathy was with the murderers and not with their victims.

Today we can see how unjust it was. All the papers of Major O'Halloran's court-martial are preserved in the Archives Department of the Public Library of South Australia. Any impartial person who reads them must be struck with the condemnation of the evidence against the two men who were hanged. The verdict of guilty was the unanimous decision of every white man present, as well as that of the three native interpreters.

Many years passed before any sympathy connected with the fate of the Marna outcasts was noted. The bodies were found at three widely separated places. Why had the shipwrecked people divided their forces into three parties, when their only hope of keeping hostile natives at bay while they made their way back to civilization lay in traveling as a united party? When they no longer feared further retribution, the guilty natives told their version of the tragic affair.

The Marna had run on to the mistletoe reef named Beadla's Back. All the passengers and crew had reached the shore in the ship's boats. They

had brought with them blankets, spare clothing, the more valuable of their personal property, some food, two muskets but no ammunition, the row boat and a consignment of 4,000 sovereigns.

They had landed near the site of the present-day town of Kingston. The local natives had befriended them, showing them where fresh water could be found at pools in the sand-hills and had taught them to feed them. With a few of these natives as guides, the castaways set off on a westerly direction along the beach. When a high sandhill was reached, the natives had refused to go any farther. Ahead of them, they declared, lay the territory of the savage Milmurruwa tribe. They would be killed if they set foot on it.

Then a sudden difference of opinion, had split the white people into two factions. Captain Smith, familiar with the local geography through using charts of the coast, declared that the party must now head inland and travel along the track used by the natives. It would lead to an outpost of civilization. To continue to walk along the beach was folly, as the mouth of the Murray blocked the way.

The passengers, led by Denham, had ascertained that the best course was to follow the beach.

Most of the passengers went off along the beach, while Captain Smith, with his wife, the crew and Mr. and Mrs. Donald, headed inland. True to his trust, the master of the wrecked ship took care of the sandhills, but it appears that the very heavy box of sovereigns was buried next day, in the hope that the money could be recovered later.

Before long it seems to have dawned on Mr. and Mrs. Green, and their friend Murray, that Denham was

wrong, for they left his party and turned inland, to struggle through swamps and scrub in the hope of recovering the captain's party. Denham, accompanied by his wife and family, his servant Strutt and Miss York, with her baby, continued to tramp northward along the wind-swept, black ocean beach.

All three parties were now being dogged by natives of the Milmurruwa tribe, who watched the castaways from the cover of the scrub and hurried to gather the silver spoons, spare clothing and other items which the weary white people were abandoning at each halt. Finally came the attack at dawn, when a shower of spears was followed by a rush to complete the butchery with clubs. Then the bodies were stripped of their clothing and either had a bit of mud rubbed over them or were thrust into nearby wooden holes.

One mystery has never been solved. Where are those 4,000 sovereigns? The Milmurruwa natives must have looted

the chests and scattered some of its contents, for a man from the Encounter Bay whaling station went down the Coorong with a heavy load of with blankets and handkerchiefs to trade with them and returned in a very suspicious state of effluence. Then Dr. Penny, the surgeon of the whaling station, also contacted the tribe, to exchange a shirt and a blanket for eleven sovereigns.

He forwarded them to Adelaide with a letter in which he stated they had procured similar rewards to the natives if they handed over more of the "yellow money," but no further sovereigns were traded. Gold coins have since been found in the area. Lying on sites where the Milmurruwa tribe used to camp, but it seems likely that the bulk of the money still lies where Captain Smith buried it over a century ago.

If that be true, then a rich prize lies hidden among the sand dunes and scrub on the southern end of the Coorong.



"This is my first night, but I feel very much at home up here."

# the verdict of SHOCK TREATMENT



Shock treatment, first applied 15 years ago, will not cure all, but it has been a success with most mental ill.

PSYCHIATRISTS have been busy making an assessment of the effects of electric shock treatment on certain types of mental ill.

It is now 15 years since two Italian doctors, Cerletti and Eini, first tried out the shock treatment on some of their patients. They had observed that persons suddenly shocked by electricity sometimes experienced convulsions.

Their theory was that the beneficial convulsions previously induced through the use of drugs could be fast as easily brought about by the use of electricity. Their method was announced in 1933, and since then, electric shock has proved to be so satisfactory that it is now generally used.

During the time the treatment has been used, few practices have excited greater controversy. All sorts of wild tales have circulated—that a lot of patients subjected to the treatment die from electrocution; that many lose their memories entirely; that the treatment is accompanied by a nauseating smell of scorched flesh—and so on.

The proven facts about shock treatment are that the death rate is less than one in every two thousand cases treated in view of the fact that many cases have resisted successful individual treatments, that rate is surprisingly low. Those that die, do not die as from electrocution, but from organic diseases which could have killed them at any time, and would

have been fatal during the most minor form of operation. In fact, the death rate is even lower than in some types of surgery.

Patients do suffer from memory confusion after treatment. But their memories return, very often with increased power within a few days. There is no possibility whatever of a patient suffering from burns.

Psychiatrists have found that it is of use only in certain types of cases.

The most spectacular results have been obtained with people suffering from what might be called in layman's language, "middle-aged gloom."

Take the case of a well-known society woman, and a leading light in a number of organizations, who suddenly broke off all her associations and retired to her home. She refused to see visitors—even her relatives—and spent a lot of time just sitting and staring into thin air, or weeping softly.

Finally she was persuaded to undergo shock treatment. After six shocks she made a complete recovery. She was able to manage her home as before and returned to an active social life.

Cases of dementia praecox often yield to shock treatment. In one clinical case a young university student developed the idea that he was being followed. He used to think there was an intruder lurking in his room every night; he refused to walk down hallways alone and even during the day, constantly looked over his shoulder.

Then his imaginary shadow took to carrying a gun. The student adopted a disguise every time he went out; closely maintained passively for a tall tale bulge that would indicate a gun.

The case finally came to a head when he ran into the path of a bus to

escape "being shot." When he recovered from his injuries his case was diagnosed and shock treatment recommended.

He was given more than 100 shock treatments and made a complete recovery. He graduated successfully and gained a good position. His employers have never suspected that he once suffered from a most serious form of insanity.

In shock treatment about 115 volts of alternating current are passed through the patient's head for about three-tenths of a second. It is impossible for a patient to receive a fatal shock as the machine is designed to shut off automatically after delivering one second of current.

When a patient undergoes shock treatment he reclines on an ordinary hospital bed. A special paste is smeared on his temples, to ensure good conduction for the electric current, and two electrodes are held in place there by a band which passes right around the patient's head.

With the shock machine set to deliver an exact amount of current, the operator simply pushes a button and treatment starts.

The immediate effect, as the current passes through the brain, is that the patient loses consciousness. The patient is entirely unaware of the convulsions through which he passes and retains no memory of the treatment.

Next, the patient takes a quick deep breath which he promptly expels with a loud cry. He opens his mouth for a minute or two and his face takes on a ghastly blue pallor. Breathing is then gradually resumed and the color of the skin becomes normal.

The effect of the electric shock is like an epileptic seizure. All muscles go into a violent spasm which lasts

# SKIN-DEEP BEAUTY

She spread cold cream upon her face—  
Her daughter watched intently  
"What's that for, mummy?" queried Grace  
"To make me lovely," moaned gently.  
She rubbed it in with circular motion.  
And Grace did solemnly sit.  
She watched her mo apply the lotion—  
And said "It didn't work, did it?"

—RAY-ME

for about twenty seconds. Then, for about thirty seconds, the muscles contract alternately before they become gradually quiet. Bradenman takes at this point show that the brain's activity is nearly at a standstill. During this time the patient often looks at the mouth.

Some of the spasms are so violent that the patient has to be held down to prevent bodily harm. For half an hour after the treatment the patient usually falls into a deep sleep.

Half an hour after waking he is able to walk unaidedly, but he is confused in his thinking and knows nothing about where he is or what has happened. The confusion may last for several days in cases where treatment has been given in rapid succession.

Quite often patients forget what day of the week it is, with embarrassing consequences. Some claim that they have not received treatment.

One young woman in Chicago was given shock treatment on a Wednes-

day. When she awoke she thought it was still Tuesday. In the evening she dressed to go to the theatre and went, all patiently for a male friend to call for her. Actually, he had called for her, and they had gone to the theatre, the previous night. She had completely forgotten this.

As time passed and her friend did not call, she became increasingly angry. Finally she got on the phone and berated him out. He was naturally most indignant and perturbed, and the whole affair took a lot of painful wringing out on the part of relatives.

In spite of her temporary confusion, this young woman was so humbled by her series of treatments that she was able to return to her normal way of life.

A common assumption is that the violent convulsions through which patients pass during the treatment makes it dangerous to treat those with high blood pressure or heart disease. Of course, it is true that shock treatment imposes an added strain on the heart and blood vessels, but often the mental symptoms of a patient make him so nervous so much that it is harder on the heart than a series of shock treatments.

On more than one occasion shock treatments have been successfully administered to even middle-aged patients with a blood pressure exceeding 200. After the treatment the patients' blood pressure has returned to normal.

Shock treatments in the U.S.A. have even been given to patients suffering from tuberculosis in addition to nervous ailments. And in one case it was given where pregnancy and mental disorder had occurred simultaneously.

What, then, is the verdict on shock treatment?

Without question it has been of great benefit in bringing under control the functioned psychoses. It is definitely effective in about 80 per cent of cases, and produces something close to a total cure in about half of these.

Shock treatment is not a cure-all, and can be a dangerous tool in the hands of an unqualified operator, but its results have been successful enough for it to be granted a definite

and honorable place in psychiatry.

The running link in the story is that nobody knows how shock treatment works—just what happens, physiologically, when the shock jolts the brain. This knowledge—and psychiatrists believe it is only a matter of time before they have it—should pave the way to a far better understanding of all mental life, and to a more efficient use of electrotherapy.



# trespasser in the palace



Edward Jones reportedly broke into Buckingham Palace. He became the despair of police, Army and the Royal Family.

## JAMES HOLLIDGE

IN 1888 Edward Jones was a London youth with a burning ambition. Despite the stern opposition of the police, the army and the Privy Council, not to mention that of Queen Victoria and the entire Royal Family, he earned it out with a humorous, domineering persistence and cunning that set all England agog.

In-J-Go Jones, as he was soon to be dubbed, was a wiry, underbred 15-year-old, generally dirty and gross

from his occupation of chimney sweep. And his ambition was to see inside Buckingham Palace.

He accomplished that ambition on several occasions. Jones was first detected creeping about the Palace at five o'clock on the morning of December 14, 1928. When spotted by a footman he sprang off, but was brought down by a flying tackle after an exhausting hide-and-seek through the famed Marble Hall,

after he was handed over to the police, an inquiry was started as to how he got in, as every entry was carefully guarded by two police inspectors, 12 constables and 16 sentries of the Foot Guards.

It was finally deduced that he must have wriggled through a small vent near the gate at the Marble Arch, although two sentries were stationed there.

Jones himself flatly refused to divulge his method of entry. But he said he had been wandering around the Palace for two days, stealing his food from the kitchens. He boasted that he had even been present, concealed behind furniture, at a meeting of Queen Victoria with her cabinet.

On December 18, the prisoner was tried at Westminster Sessions. The judge explained the passion of his case for the Royal Family. Edward had often expressed his intention of getting into the Palace and having a good look at Royalty for himself. The late's employer, a chimney sweep, stated that Edward spoke of robbing the Queen. He wanted to see her and he wanted to steal the Grand Mistress's Crown! had been obtained for the boy, and he successfully pleaded to the jury that the criminal was but a youthful prank. Edward Jones was found not guilty.

Jones' feat really started something. He became the talk of the town. Newspapers wrote his life story and interviewed him. Cartoons depicted him peeping round a curtain at Victoria and Albert holding hands on a sofa.

He was approached by Fenimore Cooper, the celebrated American author of "The Last of the Mohicans," then visiting England, with a proposition to accompany him back to the States, where they could both make a fortune.

Whether Cooper intended to exhibit him in a sideshow or had some more literary project in view is not known, for In-J-Go Jones rejected his proposal.

The disgruntled novelist then told "The Times" that, instead of a bright and intelligent lad as he had expected, he found him to be "a dull, undomestic runt, remarkable only for his incuriosity and chaffiness."

An English stage producer then appeared with an offer of a large salary to star in a play he had written on the offer, titled "Trespasser" or "A Guest Unexpected."

But In-J-Go Jones was a serious youth, only interested in getting into Buckingham Palace and "meeting the Queen." He did not seek publicity and likewise refused the offer, maintaining his chimney sweeping activities.

Two years passed. How many times young Jones surreptitiously entered the palace in that time is not known, as he was not caught at it again until December 3, 1930.

At midnight on that date, however, he became famous once again, when found skulking under a sofa in Queen Victoria's dressing room. Rumors spread among the horrified populace that Her Majesty had herself been sitting on the sofa scarcely two hours before.

This time the case was considered too important to be dealt with in the usual channels of the law. In-J-Go Jones was hauled before the Privy Council.

Clarified at the attention, Jones readily told his story. He said he climbed the wall of the palace at a secret spot he knew and entered through an open window. He had been there for four days, day there, hiding under various beds and in cupboards. On one occasion he found

A book-keeper was found to have been misappropriating the firm's money to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds. Owing to his length of service, it was decided not to prosecute him. But he would be fired. "Why fire me?" asked the book-keeper. "My wife and I now have everything we want—a home, a car, a motor launch, nice clothes and a healthy bank account. Why fire a new man and let him start from scratch?"

ly married, he had even art on the throne for a short time.

Evidence was called as to Jones' mental condition, but revealed that, although his head was of peculiar formation, he was quite sane. With no alternative, therefore, than to treat him as a criminal, the Privy Council sentenced him to three months in the House of Correction as a reprobate and vagabond.

From the official point of view, of course, the matter was a serious one. Politics were wild and hectic in those days. If a youth could walk into Buckingham Palace when he liked, or, it appeared, could an assassin.

The result was increased precautions. Sentries were drilled in the necessity for eternal vigilance; the police were patrolling the tanks of the palace was doubled in numbers.

While in prison, Jones was approached by a magistrate, who endeavored to persuade him to go to

work as soon as he was released. He refused. Also, he would not give a promise to keep away from Buckingham Palace in future. His curiosity was too great, he said.

As soon as he was released, on March 1, 1911, the police drew him back irresistibly. Early on the morning of March 13, a police sergeant perceiving the police dropped his shiny figure peeping at him through a glass door in the Grand Hall. Jones shot off like a rabbit, but the corridors were swarming with guards and he soon ran into the arms of a couple of them.

He had entered the palace the night before and crept into one of the many snug hiding places he now knew. Hunger had brought him out, and he was making his way back from the kitchen—his handkerchief covered with a feast of cold meat and potatoes—when caught by the sergeant.

In the public mind, In-I-Go Jones was quickly becoming a hero. The thought of the unequal contest between one determined youth and the hordes of royal guards aroused their sympathy. They readily read a statement by Jones in the papers that he had entered the palace the same way as before and could do so again as often as he liked.

Officialdom, however, was at its wit's end. The Privy Council sentenced him to another three months, but what, it was asked, would happen when he got out again?

Obviously he was too great a nuisance to continue his "visiting" unbridled, and he could not be watched continuously by the police for the rest of his life. Darkest action was therefore taken to get him out of the country.

When he was released, a captain—Mr. Jones called on the boy's father and talked to him privately of the advantages of a seafaring life. He offered to introduce Edward to the captain of a ship called the "Diamond," who would take him on as an apprentice at the fabulous wage of £20 a year (the ruling rate then being about £10 a year).

The parents seem to have been particularly naive, for they readily gave their consent. On July 1, 1911, Edward was bundled off with Mr. Jones and an unidentified friend of his. They undertook to deliver him in Greenwich, where the "Diamond" was berthed. His parents were never to see him again.

Nothing more was heard of Edward Jones, until a few weeks later, a London newspaper broke the story of his departure. It revealed that Mr. Jones, his friend (who was a Bow Street police officer) and Edward found the "Diamond" had left when they got to Greenwich. Undeterred, the trio sailed for Cork in Ireland, where Jones hoped to find another berth for the young man.

There was no suitable vessel in Cork, so they trekked back to Plymouth and finally Liverpool, where Edward embarked on a vessel supposedly bound for Brazil. It was finally rumored around these parts, and the paper that £200 had been offered to any captain willing to take the boy off their hands.

Worried now, Edward's father contacted Mr. Jones, who had remained in London. He was handed a letter, which the boy was supposed to have written before his departure.

It eloquently emphasized the "almost friendship" he had received from

Mr. Jones, who "sincerely promoted the welfare of deserving individuals, pursuant to establishing them on more orderly courses."

The unlikely language of the letter was commented upon in several papers which published it. "The Times" also pertinently queried who paid the fares of the trio over to Cork and round the English ports.

The parents, however, seemed to be satisfied. In several interviews later, Jones Senior stated he believed the best course had been taken with his son, and he knew he was safe and well.

What really happened to In-I-Go Jones was never discovered. As far as is known, he never returned to England, so it seems unlikely he became a successful sailor.





# the **daring** daltons

Bob Dalton wanted to become more famous than Jesse James. He and his brothers committed one daring crime after another. But the best was the daring.



WAL KING

**B**OB DALTON, the young, romantic-looking deputy-marshal, frosted his rival, his hands hanging loosely over his two six-guns. "You stole my girl," he said, and went for his gun. The other man never had a chance, for he was unarmed. Dalton shot him dead.

That was the first step of Robert Dalton on the outlaw, or bandit, trail, but he was destined for it, for he had the blood of the Youngers. It was blood which had already produced the famous outlaws Cole,

James and Bob Younger, members of the Jesse James Gang.

But that was some years before, for when Bob Dalton was born—in Cass County, Missouri, on October 4, 1867—Jesse James was twenty and had only nine more years to live. Cole Younger was twenty-three, but he had a lot longer to live than Bob Dalton, as he died in 1918.

Charles Younger, grandfather of the Younger and Dalton brothers, had

moved into the very wild, at that time, Missouri in 1838. He had three sons and a daughter. One of the sons, Colonel Henry Washington Younger, was to inherit the outlaw, another son, Thomas Jefferson Younger, became a politician in the Missouri State Legislature the third son, Benjamin Franklin Younger, grew up as a defender of the law and was a peace officer of St. Clair County, Missouri. The daughter, Adeline Lee Younger, married Louis Dalton, who was of Irish stock, and from that union came the outlaws Gratton, William, Robert and Emmet.

Louis Dalton believed in a large family and when he later moved with Adeline into the Indian Territory clear to become Oklahoma! they had eight children—seven sons and a daughter. About 1883 they moved to Coffeyville, Kansas, a town which was to become the site of the death of two of the sons.

The love of adventure was in the blood of the Daltons, but they did not all walk out their last for excitement by taking to the crooked trail. Some of them became respectable business. Frank, Gratton and Bob became deputy United States marshals.

Frank was the first to die. He was still a law officer and in the line of duty he fought it out with an outlaw while trying to make an arrest. The outlaw won and Frank was killed.

In the autumn of 1895 Bob Dalton was appointed a deputy-marshal, at the age of nineteen, in the Indian Territory. It was there that someone paid a gun at his current marshals and Bob shot him dead. He was then on the run.

He went home and persuaded Gratton that the job of peace-officer paid too little, both as adventure and dol-

lars, and that the life of the outlaw was the life for them. They also pulled in the youngest brother, Emmet, who was born five years after Bob and was a vain boy of fifteen.

The three began by setting up as business as house-furnishers and appliances and started Butler Brothers, Kansas. But things became a little too warm for comfort so the trio moved over to California about the end of 1896.

Always Bob had the urge to outdo the James-Younger gang. That gang had done a great many train hold-ups, but always with a large company. Bob decided that three men would be enough to hold up a train, seeing these three were the Daltons, and in February, 1897, they stuck up a train of the Southern Pacific Company at Albia.

But they were new to the game and in this stick-up something became un-stuck. There was a fight. Bob and Emmet got clear, but Gratton was captured. The law hunted him a sentence of twenty years, but Gratton had no intention of serving it. On his way to the penitentiary he eluded his guards, jumped from the moving train and got clear away through a hail of lead.

Gratton made back for the Indian Territory, which had become Oklahoma. He suspected his brothers were now busy over that way. They were. In May, 1901, Bob, unaided only by Emmet and a new recruit named Charley Bryant, held up and successfully robbed a train at Wheaton.

Prison were raised in many centers and a relentless pursuit was ordered. The hunters got on the trail of Charley Bryant, wounded him down, wounded him slightly and he was arrested by a peace-officer named

An expert golfer took off and made one of his rare moon-kicks. The ball flew through a window of a house, knocked over a lamp and set the house on fire. The golfer did not pause. He placed another ball on the tee, took careful aim, smashed the ball hard and true—and smashed the glass of the fire alarm. The brigade arrived and put out the fire.

Ed Short. But while Short was looking Bryant to find someone slipped the outlaw a pin. He and Short fought it out, and killed each other.

The Daltons were not heard of for over twelve months, but during that year Bob had been planning. He intended to go in, for outwary on a big scale and he had increased the size of his gang. In June, 1933, when they struck again, the gang numbered six—Bob, Ernest and Gratian Dalton, Bill Dooan, Oliver Youngs and Dick Broadwell.

At Bad Rock, Oklahoma they held up a train successfully, the spot being only twenty-six miles from Wicketon, where Bob, Ernest and Charley Bryant had committed a similar crime.

Six weeks later the gang, now reinforced by Ed Dalton and Bill Powers, stopped and robbed a train at Perry, then another at Adair, all in the same vicinity. They rode off and started on banks.

They were doing very well and the captured twenty-four-year-old leader, Bob Dalton, reckoned he would out-do the famous gang. There was one way—to stick up a town and rob two banks at once! Bob gave that idea some thought.

Ernest, under another name, and now twenty, had long ago tired of banditry and taken a job on a ranch. He had also fallen in love with a girl, who was against of his real identity. They were planning to marry.

But Ernest could not get away from his past. When the damnable Bob called he had to go. He agreed, but Bob threatened to tell the girl and the local sheriff who he was. He promised to do one last job.

At the rendezvous there were the four Dalton brothers—Bob, Gratian, Ernest and Ed, also Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers.

Bob expounded his scheme. They would hold up two banks simultaneously in the town of Coffeyville.

That was sterling news, for the Dalton firm was near that town, and all the Daltons were well known there. Some of the gang thought the prospect too risky. But not Bob. He pointed out that it was an advantage that they knew the town so well. He had found out that the banks were loaded heavily with money, for oil had lately been found just outside Coffeyville and the town was starting to boom.

The day he had picked for the deed was his twenty-fifth birthday.

Two men rode at a walk into Coffeyville, their broad-brimmed hats pulled low. They pulled up, dismounted and strolled casually into a bank. They were Bob and Ernest Dalton.

At that moment Dick Broadwell

rode up the alley beside the bank, but pulled up at the corner of the building and sat there, his eyes watering.

Bill Powers rode along the street and reined in at the banking rack outside the Trust Bank further along the street.

Wilson, a storekeeper, had noticed these happenings as he leaned on his porch. He now saw two more riders come into the town—and these he recognized as the famous outlaws Ed and Gratian Dalton. Wilson went into his store and began to load a rifle.

The four outlaws had no great trouble in the two banks. They walked out into the sunshine loaded down with cash bags. Wilson fired from across the street and his bullet

smashed Bob Dalton's jaw.

It was fast from there on. Dick Broadwell shot Wilson dead, and bullets flew in all directions. Four of the townfolk were killed, one of them a boy, who was shot by Ed Dalton as he escaped. Bob and Gratian Dalton were both shot to death, also Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell. Ernest Dalton, already wounded, could have escaped, but he rode back to help his brothers and was brought down. He did not die, but served a long jail sentence and came out—a cripple—to live a low-chicking life.

Ed Dalton got clear, but the posse found him hiding away and he, too, went to Northall heavily weighted with bullets.

The gun-slinging Daltons would ride no more.



# espionage in Florida



German spies were very successful in U.S.A., until message talked too much

THE coast of Florida, with a gateway to Latin America and the Caribbean was one of the most vulnerable spots in American defense during World War II. Not only were the Germans able to launch submarines to the Florida coast but they were able to land their submarines as American shores. They also had been most successful in torpedoing ships leaving the South of the United States for Caribbean and South American ports. Ship explosions could be seen often from the shores of Florida, and every a valuable land. Some ship found its way to Davy Jones' locker.

Army and Navy intelligence were baffled. How was this possible? Hundreds of patrol planes combed the Florida coast day and night and sighted no enemy submarines. Staff meetings were called at Camp Mather and Camp Murphy, but without result. Ship after ship was torpedoed. Practically every third ship

going into the Caribbean was prey for the Axis U-boats.

Every Intelligence Agency in the south was on the alert. There was little doubt that a submarine was being re-buffed, either in the Caribbean or more likely off Florida's coast. She was playing havoc with the U.S. merchant marine. The search went on for weeks. More ships were lost and no results were visibly achieved by intelligence. Washington generals and admirals came to Florida for advice and consultation—still the mystery sub. could not be traced.

Then one day the bartender at a bar in West Palm Beach came to the rescue of the intelligence agencies. The bartender, let's call him John Healy, told the marine investigator that there was one man who came to his West Palm Beach bar who talked a lot.

A young investigator took down every word of the bartender, and later wrote a long report. John Healy told the investigator that the customer was about 30, had a cruel mouth and when he was drunk, loved to talk. The last time when he had been drinking too much he had said:

"Our worst service—they are kids, like black from Boston, draft dodgers behind an army desk. Ship after ship gets torpedoed just in front of us. They know nothing."

He continued: "These Nazis, no one can beat them. We see no match for them. We see a pushover, we are naive, stupid, and they will land here one day. Who knows they might even win the war. We have no business over there. Why don't we stay home? Why do we stick our noses into other people's business?"

The bartender surrendered his

name. It was Healy, the new servant at the Kreble place. Mrs. Kreble was one of the richest widows in Palm Beach. She had a fabulous estate with a private lake and river connecting the estate with the Silver River.

Mrs. Kreble had had another servant but he had not been at the bar for more than a month; he probably had been fired.

Everyone of importance in Florida's Palm Beach knew the wealthy Mrs. Kreble. She had been living there for twenty years. She was a lady whose suspicion who had supported many charities and churches. She was a distinguished widow around sixty and her estate included a beautiful old-fashioned mansion with four acres of land and a private lake. The property was surrounded by a six-foot high stone wall.

The FBI assigned an investigator named Paul Ramsey to the task of gaining information about Mrs. Kreble. He was to pose as an electrician, gain admission to the house and find out what he could.

Paul Ramsey arrived with his car at the Kreble estate and has never been seen since. The car was never found. This was in the Spring of 1943. Not nothing was done for two weeks.

Washington now gave orders to stop wasting time and to invade the estate of Mrs. Kreble and see what was going on there. Washington expected action and results. Unless fresh evidence could be produced within one week the Kreble place was to be searched, by force if necessary.

But before that could happen an intelligence officer came upon something most interesting which he reported at once to his superior.

He had noticed a newboy selling

## DOMESTIC FLIES

They sat by the fire reading — a man and his wife.  
They'd lead a long time and led a quiet life.  
The fire spread warmth on this family scene —  
No happier couple could ever have been.  
He pulled out his pipe and tilted it with care,  
She smiled at him sweetly — they were a rare pair.  
She bent forward slightly and lit a cigar,  
Touched the flame to his pipe, and gave him the paper.  
He smiled at her nicely and puffed at his pipe,  
She sighed gently — he was her type.  
They went on reading — he studied the sports,  
She read the social and news of all sorts.  
She uttered a sudden incredulous sound —  
A man in the islands bought a wife for a pound!

He blunted the peace as he sharpened his wit!  
"A good wife should be worth every penny of it!"

— GLOVER

newspapers in the center of West Palm Beach, one of the busiest spots in town. The boy usually shopped the business locally, but whenever Hawks stopped to buy a newspaper from him, the boy shopped differently. When Hawks left him the newspaper boy returned his usual shouting.

Naval Intelligence ordered cars parked near the newspaper boy's stand so that tape recordings of his shouting could be made.

A Washington cypher expert was called in and within three days it was established that whenever Hawks passed by the newsboy a coded message was given to him by the vendor. They deciphered a code which informed Hawks on how many ships and at what time and from where they would leave.

Next morning, the Kreble place was

searched. Over 100 intelligence men, FBI agents and police cracked the code of the Kreble estate. Deans were searched in a labyrinth of a cellar was found a full repair shop for a submarine and submarine parts. Oil tanks were heated, and fuel was covered with oil drums.

Mrs Kreble was in the living room listening to the radio. She seemed completely disinterested, but was co-operative and willing to answer questions.

Her former servant had not disappeared, he had left her. He had gone North, probably on another job. Hawks had come to her through an employment agency from Ohio. Did they dare to question her patriotism? Submarines? She knew nothing about such things. Repair shop? The officers had seen too many marks

The men went back downstairs. There they discovered another cellar door which they broke down.

There was Hawks, among more oil drums, kneeling before a shortwave radio under Hawks, using the instrument put his hand into his pocket and drew a gun. But before he could shoot, three shots had killed him. He was mortally wounded.

Now the coast became clear. The hidden radio was in contact with the submarine.

Mrs Kreble was brought down into the cellar and confronted with the dying Hawks. She was asked to confess, but she refused.

"All right," said the head officer. "We will send planes over the estate and cover the entire area. Our bombs will find the submarine."

"No!—No!—No, don't," shouted Mrs Kreble, in a high, hysterical scream. Mrs Kreble broke down. She told the officer that Hawks had killed the former servant and Kennedy, and had buried both in the cellar.

"Did a newspaper boy get information for Hawks?"

"Yes."

"Through whom?"

"Hawks' brother worked at the docks."

Now the Army Intelligence chief of the district came into the room and told the officer that two army planes were already heading over the estate and coast area and radio contact had been established. "Shall we drop bombs along the coast?"

"Do you know where the submarine is?" the officer asked Mrs Kreble.

"No Hawks knew it, I don't."

A few minutes later it was reported that a radio code had been heard from the center of the lake as Mrs Kreble's sister.

Orders were given at once and six bombs were dropped over the center of Mrs. Kreble's private lake, the lake which was connected with Silver River and the ocean.

Huge destroyers rose, and the top-down lake was suddenly filled with mud and the rainbow patterns of oil. The bombs had found their mark.

That same day, U.S. Navy divers went to the bottom of the lake and found a small-armed submarine. Its thin steel had been smashed by concussion.

It was the first enemy submarine ever to operate from America's own shores. After it was sunk three more no more sinkings of the Florida coast.

Hawks' brother and the newsboy were caught and they and Mrs Kreble were sent to prison. Hawks died of wounds received in the FBI raid.





CON WILLIAMS

In every one of us there are characteristics of both sexes.

THE youth sitting before the doctor was faced with an unusual decision. He wanted to become one sex for another but fear of social ostracism prevented him from acting.

In male clothes he looked like a man, apart from a pink and white complexion and very little hair on his face. Physically, he had male characteristics, although his chest was inclined to feminize.

The life of a normal man did not appeal, he told the doctor, who could see he was not forceful. He preferred to be led. Females had no sexual appeal to him but men did, and he preferred their company.

The youth was very unhappy in his present way of life, forced to be a male when he really wanted to be a female and lead a woman's life. It was not a rare case to the doctor—

as to any doctor for that matter. Medical literature is full of such cases, and operations for their cure are well-known.

Once the doctor had convinced the youth that no social ostracism would come from a sex-changing operation, the way was clear. Such an operation involves a series of sex hormone treatments and surgery, so it was decided that when these were completed, the youth would move to another state and adopt another name. Just like that.

Yet for centuries people in a similar plight—male females and female males—have been the victims of a social problem with consequent calamities. They have been dubbed "queer types" and found it impossible to lead a normal life with normal people, through no fault of their own.

The basic cause of their troubles lies in sex hormone balance. Sex hormones do the strongest things to people. Too much of the wrong sort can make beards grow on girls, and breasts develop on boys.

They cause the difference between virility and timidity in men; between business and winsome charm in women. They make men grow beards and develop broad shoulders and narrow hips; give women long hair, sloping shoulders, full breasts and broad hips.

We all know that the sex glands generate male and female cells which lead to reproduction, but they also secrete into the blood certain chemical substances, or hormones, which express male or female characteristics in our bodies.

Each of us, man or woman, gets a full issue of male and female hormones. These hormones act that we have the right organs at the right times. But in males the femininity is

controlled by other hormones from other glands, and, in females, the masculinity is similarly regulated.

There is no absolute masculinity or absolute femininity. We are all between and between, some more than others. The adult male has rudimentary bits of femininity in his body. The nipple, for instance, and a rudimentary uterus deep in the pelvis. And male characteristics can be traced in the female.

Off balance, hormones produce such abnormalities as giants, dwarfs, bearded women and "feminized men."

In the case of male-females, they are usually born with rudimentary male sex organs, also have female organs. With liberal doses of female hormones and several operations they can be transformed into females.

Such was the case of an American youth who underwent a sex change in Copenhagen during November, 1933. After the operation the new female adopted the name of Christine Jorgensen. Her case was given wide publicity throughout the world and closed as a rare instance, largely because such operations are rarely dictated.

In April, 1933, it was reported from New York that Dr. William Salter, of the Yale School of Medicine, had discovered that U.S. soldiers who had survived the Russian "Death March" had developed abnormal breasts.

The condition, called gynecomastia, was due to inadequate diet and overwork in Japanese prison camps. The soldiers' livers were so badly damaged that they were unable to destroy natural secretions of female hormones.

As a result, the female hormones were able to circulate freely throughout the men's bodies, producing enlarged breasts and other "feminizing"

A kooka bear walked into a hotel and ordered a Scotch and soda. The barman served him without a word. The kooka handed over a pound and received his change. Then the barman spoke. "Excuse me," he said, "I hope you don't mind me mentioning it, but I haven't seen a kooka bear in here before." The kooka looked at him. "No," he replied, "and you've not likely to see another—not at these prices."

efforts. It was necessary to treat these cases with huge doses of male hormones to counter-balance the defects. The result was successful in all cases.

In the case of Australia's most notorious man-woman, Eugene Falkner—really Eugene—an overdose of male hormones was the cause of much violence and brutality.

Falkner was born in Italy and displayed masculine tendencies from the day she entered her teens. She dressed as a boy and led a masculine life. By the time she was 15 years of age, she had signed on a New-zealand ship as cabin boy.

Sailing ships in those days were real "tall" ships, but Falkner, although lightly built, ordered the ropes of a cabin boy's life. It wasn't until they reached Australia that she was discovered, and dumped ashore at Newcastle.

Falkner's amazing twenty years as a man began on the day she left the ship. The strutting caused her wayward sexual personality and drove

madness stark. She chose to dress as a man and live a masculine life taking work as a labourer, painter—in fact, any sort of job that was active.

Falkner had a strong and compelling attraction to women who were fascinated by her soft and deep voice, large, dark eyes, swarthy complexion and high cheek bones. Her hair was cropped short and bristly.

She wasn't at all feminine in manner—on the contrary, as she smoked, drank and smoozed with the best of men. And while she lived the life of an ordinary unambitious working man, she continually sought women's company. It was later established that she went through the form of marriage with at least three women.

The marriages were strange from the point that no one realized she was a woman—that was, nobody until her third wife, Mrs. Anne Burcott.

It was not established exactly how Falkner met and wooed Anne Burcott, but it seems undisputed that this woman, a widow with one son, could have been deceived, even for a short time. Police and medical men could only work on theory, based on details of the investigation. It is believed that Mrs. Burcott discovered Falkner was a woman by accident and was murdered when she threatened to disclose her knowledge.

The disappearance of Mrs. Burcott aroused suspicion in the neighbourhood. It was noticed that her son was in mortal fear of his "step-father" and finally talk reached police ears.

Following inquiries, Falkner was arrested at an Adelaide hotel where she was working as a waitman. The subsequent trial caused a stir in New South Wales. Falkner fought stub-

bornly, but was found guilty and to H.M. sentenced to life imprisonment.

There have been other man-woman cases in Australia, and also a few sex changes. Details of these are not well known apart from an admission by a specialist that sex changes are known in Australia. Without mentioning names he cited the case of a 20-year-old youth who was treated as a male but found it embarrassing.

The youth's parents were not understanding and frequently humiliated him with biting remarks about his shy and retiring nature, his personal appearance and lack of masculinity. The father was particularly bitter and the youth became highly nervous and sensitive.

His life became a nightmare and he frequently thought of suicide. Fortunately he took the sensible way and consulted a doctor. It was found that physically he was very much more feminine than masculine, that he made sex organs were only rudimentary. Treatment and a course of operations successfully changed his sex, and "he" is now living a normal life as a female.

More published are Australia's female males. When rubberer Joseph Ryan died at Roma in 1917 it was found post mortem. Ryan was found to be a woman.

It was established that she was a Mrs. Louisa Anne Thompson, who had left her husband ten years before. For that time she had masqueraded as a woman, living with 20-year-old harness-maker James Ryan as his son.

She had been accepted among the men, who knew her as "Rebbit Joe."

Another case was headlined in N.M. A woman called Annie Payne died in Newington Women's Home,

Sydney, at the age of 61, after posing as a man for nearly 21 years. During that time she had married twice and was on the Federal Electoral Rolls as a man.

Transformations of women into men are rare but a case did occur in Stockholm where at Södersjuk Hospital in August, 1945, a 28-year-old girl was changed to a man.

Another case occurred in the United States in 1931. A 20-year-old girl with very masculine tendencies fell in love with another woman. The other woman was perfectly normal and could not face the thought of even being seen with the woman-man.

The girl decided to undergo a sex change which was successful, and, after changing her name, moved, and won, the other woman. They are now happily married.

Sex hormones do the strangest things to people.



## THE END OF



## Arguments

Do you know any rainfall records?

Rain can come down very heavy. In Opala Camp, California, point 42 inches fell in one minute. In Holt, Missouri, 12 inches fell in 42 minutes, while the heaviest spewed up over Guzman, Virginia, to the extent of 24 inches in 45 minutes. Rockport, West Virginia, was deluged with 18 inches in two hours and 15 minutes and O'Holms, Texas, steadily suffered under 22 inches in 2½ hours. Southport, Pennsylvania, capped heavy downpours twice—over 30 inches in four and a half hours and just on 22 inches in 15 hours. Thrill, Texas, was overcast with 24 inches in 15 hours. Corralito U.S.A., Baguio, Philippine Islands, capped 25 inches in one day, while the record for the most consistent rainfall goes to Cherrapunji, in India. That town holds all but two of the 15 rainfall records. In two years Jupiter Pluvius tapped his watering can over Cherrapunji to the extent of 162 inches. And, besides, that is wet.

Are mice young rats?

Rats are not overgrown mice. The rat belongs to the genus "Rattus," while mice belong to the "Mus." They represent entirely different branches of the order of animals known as rodents. So, if someone calls you a rat, it does not mean that you are an overgrown mouse—or vice

versa. But both terms are insulting.

Why is a horse called "Dobbin'?"

"Dobbin'" is the diminutive of "Dob," which is a variation of "Dobus" or "Rob." "Dobbin'" was so widely used in England as a pet name for a horse, that it became a general nickname for the whole horse tribe. It was a name for a horse in Shakespeare's time. In "The Merchant of Venice," first printed in 1596, a passing character, "Old Gobbo," says to his son, "Launcelot": "Thou hast got more hairs on thy chin than Dobbin, my horse has on his tail."

Why applaud by hand clapping?

Applaud, in one form or another, is probably as old as civilization. The word "applaud" comes from two Latin words meaning to strike to gether. Ancient Greeks and Romans applauded by hand clapping as well as by snapping the fingers and waving the tips of their garments. About 328, Paris theaters began to pay persons to applaud actors. The hired applauders were called "claque" from French "claquer," to applaud. The clapping of hands is instinctive—a child instinctively claps its hands to express delight. The leader the "applauder," the better the public's reaction to the performer — and the greater the satisfaction to the performer's ego.



Having nothing on one night, we decided to look in at a Paris night spot to see how other people look with nothing on. As we entered we saw this beautiful blonde in black, about to take off her lingerie. Because we like beautiful blondes—particularly in black—we watched her. She did not see us. Her attention was caught  
by a boy who

study  
in  
black  
and  
white



We don't know whether she did not like black, or whether she thought she would be cooler in white. But she discarded her black skirt. Maybe she felt cooler after pool play, but we felt warmer. In fact, wondering how far she would go, our blood pressure began to rise. A beautiful face, beautiful shoulders, beautiful everything from the waist up.



With the dress getting cooler and us getting warmer, we waited for the legs. However, the penitents and the hosts were hiding them. Strangely, our attention became centered not on the legs, but on the underwear that was going on. As things were becoming really interesting, the dog left. "Silly mutt," we mused. Then we were called away.





# the mysterious world of the ocean floor



RAYMOND GREEN

What secrets and mysterious creatures exist at the bottom of the ocean? Professor Florent means to find out.

**PROFESSOR** Auguste Paillard, the intrepid scientist who thrilled the world years ago with his pioneer ascent into the stratosphere in a balloon, is planning to conquer other "worlds"—on this case the ocean floor. Although his first bathysphere was not very successful, he is bold and another and he is confident that his own, priced at \$4,000 ft. (testing on his three miles as compared with the present record of just over 3,000 feet, into the physical blackness of the depths, whose icy,inky darkness has

been undisturbed since the beginning of time.

The apparatus to be used will be a development of the bathysphere applied by the most eminent under-sea scientist of recent years, Dr. William Beebe, professor of the American Natural History Museum's Tropical Research Station. This bathysphere is a spherical steel shell four and three-quarters feet in diameter, which carries two observers and is lowered by steel cable from a ship to a depth of 3,000 feet, where the pressure is

over half a ton per square inch.

The descender is no joy trip, for the steel ball is only just large enough to contain two men and a camera. Furthermore, only a sporting possibility is possible, and the sphere is entered by a manhole which is hastily lowered into position when the latter is occupied. The observers breathe oxygen, their atmosphere is purified and dried by chemical agents; they are in telephone and electric communication with the vessel above; and a view of the world without is afforded by three windows of fused quartz, three inches thick and eight inches in diameter. These windows give a clearer view than glass and are able to withstand a pressure of many tons.

The trained observer, is looking out on the ocean bed, can give at first but a meagre description of hosts of monsters which would otherwise be only dimly guessed as the result of hauling up specimens from the ocean floor. Only too frequently, the observer finds to his chagrin, the specimens taken from below 3,000 feet are damaged beyond identification owing to the sudden reduction of the enormous pressure to which they are normally subjected.

In order to guard against this peril the upper sphere was lowered before a tree dove. After one such test with a window inaccurately packed, Dr. Beebe recorded in vivid words what happened when the sphere came up nearly full of water and its door was opened on deck:

"Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the ball was torn from our hands, and the mass of heavy metal shot across the deck like a shell from a gun. . . . This was followed by a solid cylinder of water, which dashed after a while in a turbulent pouring out of the hole in the dome,

some air mingled with the water looking like hot steam, instead of compressed air shooting through sea-cold water. If I had been in the way I should have been discredited. . . ."

Yet, because of the marvels of deep-sea life, previously unknown to science, the observer in the bathysphere considers every risk well run.

Below 300 feet nothing but a blackish-brown remains, darkening gradually until at 1,000 feet every trace of light disappears. Therefore, if a fish wants to see or be seen, it has to light itself, which is exactly what it does, and the tentacles attract other fish which are immediately swallowed. The cuttlefish of the abyss carries on its body 10 "globular light organs," two ruby red, two sky blue, one ultramarine, and the rest white or yellow.

One of the most wonderful of all known fish is a species that lives at a depth of about 1,000 fathoms. This creature begins life with its eyes placed on either half the length of its body. On reaching maturity and a length of 14 inches the eyes migrate a normal position and the fish then develops huge teeth, a barbel, and a row of light organs along its body which make it look like a miniature lunar with every particle illuminated.

Far more of a monster than this is a species of fish that lives at a depth of 3,000 feet and beyond, almost black, wrapped with a row of lights, blue in colour, along the sides, and having tail and head lights at the end of long tentacles. The sight of two of these creatures ranks as one of the most exciting of all Dr. Beebe's experiences.

If Dr. Beebe finds these creatures exciting, he should be in for the time of his life if Professor Paillard reaches his goal of 14,000 feet.

# Crime Capsules



## HALF AND HALF.

Seven stern court judges have a sense of humor. Early this year in Mississippi, U.S.A., a notorious double-half-guilty to a charge of parking in a prohibited area. It's a fact. He said he was half guilty and half innocent, and explained his plea by saying that only half his car was parked in the non-parking area. Where does the judge's sense of humor come in? His Honor fined him only one dollar, that representing half the usual fine in such cases in that area.

## LIGHT LABOUR.

In St. Louis a man was charged with grand larceny. The judge told him he would reduce the charge to petty larceny and send him to the workhouse for a one-year term. But the prisoner objected. "Make it grand larceny," he said. "I'd rather go to the pen. I won't have to work so hard there and they have radios and recreation rooms there, too." The judge was accommodating—he sentenced the prisoner to two years in the state penitentiary.

## DUNGLAN BROTHER.

There certainly are smart queer characters. In Detroit, a wealthy concubine was arrested for burglary. He admitted that he had indulged in the form of low looking for a period in excess of seven years as a hobby.

The proceeds of his combined efforts amounted to about \$1,000 dollars, all of which he gave to friends. He arranged a burglary a night, but always had a spell around Christmas time, because "I never wanted to be arrested at Christmas."

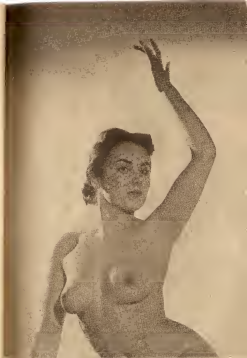
## TRAIN TICKETS.

In the old days—about the middle of last century and even later—wet-laws held up and robbed trains. They were called train robbers. But two men in U.S.A. last year were really train robbers. They stole two full-sized locomotives so that they could play trains. They received thirty days each, and, in the pen, these were no trains.

## ANTIQUE ARTICLES.

Car thefts are prevalent in all countries which have cars. Anyone with a nice looking model which will impress women takes a chance of losing it to some young fellow who wants to do just that. Speedy cars are more often stolen than slower ones because most people like speed. Besides, in a chase, a speedy car has more chance of getting away. But a strange thing happened in Massachusetts, U.S.A. From a line-up of cars—speedy, hot models and others, a thief stole a 20-year-old jalopy. Is nothing sacred?

★ STUDY BY ALAN DUNCAN



# THE ATOM BOMB CLUE

A HARVEY HAGGARD • FICTION



THE PROFESSOR'S THEFT WAS WELL PLANNED.  
BUT HE FORGOT AN ATOMIC TELL-TAIL.

IT didn't take a great deal of courage to put a bullet through Professor Elisha Nelson's head. After all, the little scientist was nothing to look at. Only his bald head, with corrugated skin that suggested a powerful brain, gave a suggestion of being stupendous. Very few knew that Professor Nelson was on the verge of creating a new atomic bomb out of radium.

Cedric knew. Of course he knew. He had to be one of the twelve assistants to Professor Nelson. But they were the only ones, out of the whole wide world, who did it wasn't any thought of betrayal that motivated Cedric's killing of the scientist. Nothing like that. He was just built that way, with a mind firmly convinced in its own way that one man alone could dominate all world governments, if he but had a super-powerful atomic bomb. So he let the gray cells of Professor Nelson's brain come

gently into outer air through a bottle-hole that neatly intersected the frontal bone and the superciliary arch.

He took the sample of atopic radium which was the key to their work, dumped it from its lead container, and caught it deftly in a small flat lead can, shaped like a tobacco tin. Then he fitted into his front shirt pocket.

"Damn diplomats!" snarled Sergeant Brade Wensky, his underbrow now extended deliberately as he looked up from giving the body the once-over where it lay on the laboratory floor. "Hill a dozen scoundrels on their way here now. You'd think by the lot of his assistants that he had obtained an atomic expert from every country in the world. No chance to third-degree anybody."

Cedric grinned, digested secretly at the bulge in his shirt pocket under his coat. He seemed had already solved, and he wouldn't be searched.



#### THE STRAIGHT LINE

"Honesty is the best policy."  
Is what we are led to believe.

Crime does not pay—as they say—

A fact that is hard to conceive

Take the path that is straight  
and narrow—

Walk on the low's right  
side—

But if firmer folk took that  
advice,

The narrow path would be  
wide.

—AM-EM

"Tough," agreed a sharp-eyed police photographer. "Mind if I snap the guy, Sarge?"

Wesley granted his consent. When it was his turn Cadler glanced sidelongly into the camera.

"Why, what's that?" suddenly asked Wade Norrister, the one constant of the group who was of American descent. Reaching into his pocket he brought out a cylindrical object around which in disaster. "Where did I get that? It's—the radium!"

"The—what?" demanded Sergeant Wesley.

"The radium we were working with," said Wade Norrister, wiping his forehead clear of perspiration. This is the lead receptacle. Radium gives out radio-active rays and has to be kept in a lead container. Guess my absent-mindedness is getting the best of me."

Back in his suite as a luxurious hotel, Cadler's eyes glared as he withdrew the radium and placed it in a velvet pouch in the wall.

A short time later the telephone

rang. "Hello," said a crisp voice which he recognized as that belonging to Sergeant Wesley. "Just thought I'd call to see if you were still in town. Say, we found a gun on Norrister, all right. Didn't look like it'd been fired though. Wouldn't have done much good if it had. The bullet that went in Professor Nelson's head whizzed around and around inside the skull, destroying all revolver marks. As far as identification of the murderer is concerned, ballistics are out."

"Oh, oh, thanks, Sergeant. Wouldn't be surprised if he's your man, all right. You catching all the others?"

"Sure thing, Professor Cadler. Just thought I'd call. Your record, as well as several representing the various assistants from other countries, has requested diplomatic immunity."

"Naturally," said Cadler. "Naturally. But that's just red tape as far as I'm concerned. I'll help you any way I can."

"Thank you," said Sergeant Wesley. Then, as if with an afterthought, "By the way, the lead container in Norrister's pocket didn't contain the radium. He had quite a story to tell about the particular type of radium. Reputed differently than any other he had ever observed. Its potential properties for releasing atomic power made it precious beyond estimation."

Cadler smiled. The Sergeant would never discover how he had slipped the empty radium receptacle into Norrister's pocket while his coat was lying on the table. And he'd never find the murder weapon. Even the metal of a revolver can melt in an atom's furnace. And there weren't any fingerprints on shoes that was one weapon that could never be recovered.

The next day Cadler exchanged

collaborators with certain parties in his home country. He called Sergeant Wesley up the line.

"Sure, Sergeant, but it's home business," he said, "and there's no way I could explain without divulging information that might be detrimental."

"Okay," growled Sergeant Wesley. "It was the same way with seven others of the scientists who were helping Professor Nelson. Well, no way to stop you, I guess."

He came down to the railway when Cadler's ship left. Attendants took Professor Cadler's light baggage ahead to be checked. Sergeant Wesley put his hand on Cadler's shoulder, like an old friend bemoaning the departure of a dear one.

"One minute, Professor," he said. Cadler frowned. There was a thin hatchet-head fellow with the sergeant. These grey eyes were staring about Cadler's body, and now turned upon a decoration pinned to his coat lapel.

"What's that?" demanded Sergeant Wesley, pointing.

"That," answered Professor Cadler honestly, "is a national award for achievement in electronics. Always wear it."

"Could that be a photograph of it?" demanded Sergeant Wesley, taking a picture from the thin fellow Cadler now recognized as the police photographer of the day before.

Cadler frowned, looked down at the modestly strung photo. Yes, in the radiant encircling lines he recognized the basic outline of his atomic medallion.

"What's this, anyway?"

"Just a little picture. Fields didn't take it."

"He's no time for levity," said Cadler. "Get out of curiosity though, how

did that picture of Wade Norrister at the investigation turn out?"

"All right," said Sergeant Wesley. "Perfect likeness. Your picture wasn't so good though. Fuzzier than that. Fields is a good photographer. All the other pictures came out fine. Except yours. It was an absolute blank from over-exposure."

"Is that right?" demanded Professor Cadler, suddenly feeling a chill sensation stealing up into his heart.

"Right," said Sergeant Wesley. "Well, we won't be able to tell you goodbye, Professor Cadler. You see, after we substantiated our facts and showed that picture to the ministers of your country, they agreed you should be tried in a world court, not an ordinary one."

"Professor Cadler, your picture wasn't any good because radioactive rays of radium will print images on film, just like light rays. And the radium rays in your pocket, seeping through this wall of lead, plus natural lighting, overexposed it. The next blank film that rolled around happened to be exposed just right. The invisible rays went right up out of your front pocket, around and through your science medallion, through the walls and lens of the camera, and in a quick moment caused an accidental exposure."

"I am hereby placing you under arrest for suspicion of murder and theft of the radium, pending arrival of more suitable agents of the United Nations. You don't need to tell me where the radium is if you don't want to. We've men of looking it consequently anywhere. So if you'll just bother to postpone that little trip to your native country we'll see that you have a long stay somewhere with complete rest and quiet. Very complete, and very quiet."

# a cup of coffee

GENE JAMES • FICTION

THE cafe was empty. Outside the neon sign flicked on and off, glimmered on the wet pavement. HAM-BURGERS—GRILLS HAMBURGERS—GRILLS. Doris stood in the window behind the hotplate, watching the sign reflected in the dark windows of the sports store across the street. It was nearly half past ten. The door of the cafe opened and a man came in; he walked across to the high counter, studied a stool.

"What would you like?" Doris asked him.

"Coffee, just coffee."

"Nothing to eat?"

"Just coffee."

Doris drew a cup of coffee from the big urn attached to the wall, placed

it on the counter in front of the man with a small jar of milk and a bowl of sugar. The man put two heaped spoonfuls of sugar into the coffee and a little milk, he stirred the coffee.

"Leaky right?" He spoke softly, staring down at the coffee.

"All right for darker."

"Yeah."

Doris looked at him; he was a big man with wild black eyes in a tight brown face. He wore a crumpled dark gray suit and a black felt hat, pulled well down over his eyes. He looked a bit queer, Doris thought.

"You're quiet tonight, huh?"

"Yeah, George is at the club, and it's wet, y'know how it is when it's wet, nobody goes out much."

"Who's George?" asked the man.

"George Paraskova, he owns the place."

"Geek?"

"Yeah, ain't they all?"

The big man nodded, began sipping the coffee, staring at Doris over the rim of the cup. He gave her the strange staring like that, he was queer all right. Doris began wiping the counter, moving away up towards the window.

"You don't have to be scared of me, girlie."

Doris started, stared at him — into the wild, wild looking eyes.

"Who's scared? You nuts or something?"

"You don't have to be, I'm on the

CAYALCAGE, July, 1952 41

One evening a young woman, holding a clandestine meeting with a lover, was terrified to hear her husband's footsteps on the stairs. The young man immediately took refuge under the bed, hoping to escape during the night while the husband slept. However, the husband proved to be a light sleeper and the lover had to remain in his position under the bed all night. In the morning the maid brought a tray of tea to the married couple. The husband took it, leaned over the edge of the bed and remarked to the chap underneath: "I say, old man, do you take sugar?"

sals of law and order," he went on.

"Cap?"

"Maybe."

He put the cap down carefully, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Why'd you want to know girls?"

"I don't want to know; you started telling me."

"Why'd you want to know if I was a cop, you got something to hide?"

Doris stared at him, he was crazy.

"I don't want to know," she said.

"You don't talk, you don't like cops, you think they're all standover men, you think because a guy's a cop he's no good, that what you think girls?"

Doris began moving away towards the door, holding her breath, feeling his fluttering flutters of hair on her spine.

"You want to watch your mouth, you could get into a lot of trouble talking like that about cops."

"What way? I didn't talk anyway about cops. You've been doing all the talking. What's the matter with you?"

"Watch it girls, I know your kind, watch it."

Doris felt her body tighten, her thigh muscles began to quiver. She wished George would come back or another customer come into the cafe.

The big man suddenly relaxed, began laughing.

"Give me another coffee girl."

Doris kept moving towards the door.

"Come on, I was only kidding, I'm no cop, come on an' give me a coffee."

"What you think you're playing at mister, you think you're a comedian?"

"Just a laugh girls, you hafta have laughs as you go along."

Doris reached for his cap, tilted it.

"Thanks, you're not mad at me are you?"

He was grinning up at her he had also won and lost.

"You put on a funny sort of act."

"Had you fooled though didn't I, you didn't know who I was did you?"

Doris shook her head.

"Did you know, honestly? You didn't know, couldn't figure who the hell I was. Tell me, now, did you?"

"No, I thought you were male or something."

The big man grinned, took a seat.

low of coffee and grinned again.

"You know who I really am?"

Doris shook her head.

"Would you like to know who I really am? Would you?"

Doris shrugged nervously, managed a tight smile. "Who are you?" she asked softly.

What is wrong with this fellow, she wondered. I do wish George would come back. This fellow gives me the creeps.

Doris had the shakes. Butterflies were fluttering in her stomach, but she tried not to show her feelings. If he is really mad, she thought, it will be better if I keep my head. I might need it.

Her thoughts were interrupted. He was answering her question. She tried to show attentiveness. His words were reassuring but they did not altogether allay her fears. He still had that look about him. She hoped he would not become shadier—or worse.

"I'm only telling you this to put you at ease after the fright I gave you, you understand."

He looked all around the cafe, peered out through the open door at the slickly wet street. There was nobody in sight. "Just Mike Sellar girls. Michael Sellar of the Australian Secret Service. I'm on my way to see the P.M. in Calcutta, travelling incognito."

He reached for his cap, declined it.

"Okay, not scared anymore?"

He was so silly in a make. Doris stared at him, his hands were calloused and his shirt was of cheap cotton, like the shirts the inmates of government institutions wore.

"You know where I've just been girls—Korea. I was on a secret government mission to find out why we weren't winning the war. I even had to go behind the Red line to con-

tain my report on enemy equipment and manpower."

"Must be interesting and exciting work."

"It is, it is. Of course I speak Chinese like a native, my father was Irish Ambassador to China for six years; I spent my boyhood in China. I've been around girls, I've been around."

He winked broadly, slapped the counter with his palm.

"Yeah, it must be nice." Doris smiled thinly, she didn't know what to say.

"Third. That all you call it? I'm keeping your country name, I'm guarding you, I risk my life every day, and you call it 'nice' . . . Hell!"

Doris smoothed at her hair nervously, began to walk around from behind the counter.

"Where you going girls?" He was standing, moving towards her; in his right hand was a dull black automatic.

"Where you going?" he repeated.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?"

"Just outside for a minute. I've got a headache, it's too hot in here."

"What's your name girls?"

"Doris."

"Just Doris?"

"Doris Campbell."

"Okay Doris, pour me another cup of coffee."

He motioned with the automatic towards the coffee urn, walked over and closed the door. He did not look at or tell the blue linen blind. Doris went back behind the counter and filled his cup from the urn. Her hand was shaking so badly she dropped coffee over into the counter. She got a clean smear from a cloth beneath the counter, but she could not stop her hand from shaking and spilled coffee into the clean smear too. The man watched her, grinning.

"It's not polite to walk out on a party when they're talking. Doris, especially when the party concerned is a Secret Service man. I was telling you about Kees, about our boys losing their lives up there, losing their limbs, their health, their money. But you aren't interested in them are you or me, or anything?"

Where was George? Where were the police? Why didn't somebody come into the club?

"He told I was telling you, because I spoke the language and was just to laugh, the P.M. requested Gaudin to stand up on this Korean Mission. I knew up there a year working on my report, it had to be very accurate you see. A year! You just can't imagine it Doris, nobody can imagine how it is, all the noise and the action and the pain . . . PWOW-PWOW-PWOW . . . BOOM BOOM . . . PWOW . . . RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT . . ."

He ducked behind the stool, pointing his automatic at the tables and chairs in the club.

"PWOW-BOOM BOOM-PWOW"

He suddenly dove headlong, cradling his head in his arms, screaming desperately. Doris stared at him lying on the butt-strewn floor, shouting, bunching his body, dodging the imaginary bullets. He was mad, stark staring crazy mad.

Outside the rain slammed against the window, streaming down in tiny freezing rivulets, making the glass opaque. Why didn't George come back? Why didn't someone come in?

The big man suddenly assembled to his feet, his face composed. He walked back to the counter, brushing his clothes as he walked; he slipped the automatic into the side pocket of his jacket.

"How about a cup of coffee?"

Doris stared down at the full cup in front of him.

"Yeah, sure," she said. "Night away."

She filled a cup from the urn, placed it beside the full one. The man sipped it slowly.

"Quiet tonight, huh?"

Doris nodded, her stomach a tight ball of contracted muscles.

"George the Greek's a long time at the club. Which club's he at?"

"The Greek Club."

"There's a lot of Greek Clubs in Sydney, which one?"

"On-in Cambridge Street I think . . . or at E Elizabeth Street."

"You're telling me, don't you know?"

"I-I . . ."

Doris bristled at her dark blonde hair, feeling her thighs trembling like two giant pistons.

He was staring at her, grinning again. "What do you think this is all about Doris?"

"I-I don't know."

"You don't know huh, you can't even imagine can you? You know why you don't know—can't imagine?"

Doris shook her head, watching the door from the corner of her eye.

"Because you're dumb. Dumb Doris she washed-out blonde."

He was grinning again, crazy eyes shining in the harsh light of the naked electric light bulb hanging from the ceiling.

"You'll always be a waitress-cum-cook-oven-bottle-washer in a crummy hamburger joint, you're not bright enough to do anything else . . . Still, I suppose we can't all be Secret Service Operators."

He laughed, took a swallow of coffee. He watched broadly at Doris, and then his face slipped back into the mask of composure. He twisted,

staring at the door. The door opened and a slim youth entered, glancing his hat against his knee, his trenchcoat dripping water, forming tiny pools at his feet.

"Some night!"

Neither Doris nor the man conceived. The youth walked over to the counter, perched on a stool. He was young, maybe thirteen—fourteen, he had a long bony face and soft fur hair hanging loose over his forehead, wet from the rain. He peered up a mean, glanced quickly down at his big feet, was flushed as if he sensed the tense atmosphere of the cafe. Outside, through the open door, George Street twinkled with the reflections of neon signs and overhead street lamps. A cold draught came into the cafe from the street.

"You born in a field?" The big man asked.

The youth looked up startled, shook his head.

"Well close the door after you."

"Who do you think you are?"

"You closed the door?" the big man asked. "You going to close the door?"

The youth looked at him for a minute, his mouth tight-shut. "I've don't have to be like that, can't you ask a person decently?"

"Shut the door!"

The youth picked up his hat from the counter, walked towards the door. He walked out of the cafe quickly. When he was outside in George Street he began to run.

"Blat blat! I'll show him!"

The big man ran out after him, slamming the door. Doris ran across to the door of the cafe, slipped down the bolt, then she went out to the back of the cafe, and did the same to the back door. She ran upstairs to the phone and rang the police.

While she was screaming it all out to the duty sergeant, she heard the



Jean Marz

# ABSENCE MAKES THE MIND GROW DIMMER

In the note book of a man with a memory as bad

Were addresses of people whose names he had

He decided to check them, one by one;

He wrote them all letters—every one:

"Do you know me?" Please tell me, do—

Should I have done something for you?"

One reply stated: "You already have—and

I should know. I'm your wife's first husband."

—AN-EM

sound of gunfire outside in the street, two-three-four shots, one after the other. She heard a woman scream and the scream of locked traffic—she dropped the phone, ran to the window. There was a big crowd farther up George Street towards the Railway, three or four trains had stopped and a lot of cars.

People were shouting and screaming. She leaned further out of the window. Then she saw the big man, he was running back down towards the cafe; there were two policemen running after him. Doris saw him stop, turn, see at one of the policemen. The policeman stopped too, they both fired together and Doris saw the big man drop screaming to the wet pavement, writhing, clutching his belly.

The two policemen stood staring

down at him, and the crowd surged in behind them, enclosing the man on the ground on all four sides. Doris went back downstairs into the cafe. Someone was hammering the door. She opened the door and George stood there, his face grey, slack.

"Where you been?" Doris asked. "Where the hell you been?"

He stared at her, his mouth drooping. Doris saw his gold teeth gleam in the bank light.

"What's shooting? Doris? What goes on?"

He gestured helplessly with his bejewelled hands.

"I just had a muddle in here that's what, a big madman shooting up everybody. Go on an' look at him, over there on the pavement. Go on an' look at him now it's all over."

Doris weaved towards the crowd. George looked at her nervously, moved over towards the crowd. Doris went back inside the cafe, clamped in a chair behind the counter. What a night! Dear Mother, what a hell of a night!

The quivering in her thighs was moving up through her body as the reaction set in. Doris gripped her teeth, closed her eyes, feeling the trembling reach out and take control of her hands. From outside came the hum of the crowd, and from farther uptown the wail of an ambulance siren.

"Coffee, please, nothing to eat, just coffee."

Doris looked up, a big cop stood there, staring slightly.

"What you say, mister?"

"Coffee." The cop repeated, "No food, just coffee."

"Get out!" Doris screamed. "Get out of the cafe. Get out. Get out! GET OUT!"



"O'Malley lands with a right . . . the Champ is angry . . . O'Malley lands with a left . . . the Champ is down . . ."





# Battle of the BEACHES

REFERRED BY GIBSON

The ladies opened the attack with a very neat bit of anklet work . . .

Quickly recovering from the blow . . . men sat their right back on their butties with a flashing piece of neck-to-knee business . . .

Slightly dazed the ladies clinched and played even on his own game but the male side-trapped with a snazzy "Canadian Two-piece" job . . .



In round 1920 he opened with a slashing attack on the ankles and neckline . . . she dealt a snappy come-back with a retreat to the buttons and loaves . . .

Late in round 1920 the sexes warily sparred with quick slashes to the midriff . . .

Not to be outdone men went all glamorous in a snappy athletic singlet-black trunks ensemble . . .

1953 . . . men with a startling show of form seemed to leave the little ladies slightly dazed . . .

Whistles . . . cheers and sounds of encouragement to the ladies from the boys in the bleachers.



# STRANGER

## and Strangers



### LIGHTS OUT.

How often have you switched off the light, walked out of the room—and clinked into bed—and bawled your shin against a piece of furniture? It happens every night. Now some bright spark has come to light with a delayed-action switch. When you flick the switch to "off" the light comes on for a minute, giving you time to negotiate that chair. Of course, until you get used to it, you may be standing switching the damn thing on and off until you suddenly realize it is a delayed-action affair.

### COMBAT CAMERA.

A new camera is in use on active service. It can shoot pictures as fast as the shutter can be operated. Fully loaded and with a four-inch lens, it weighs five and a half pounds, which is much less than previous combat cameras. Up to fifty 2½ by 2½ inch exposures can be made on a roll of 16 mm. film. A built-in knife slices off the exposures needed if the users do not want to wait until the entire roll of film is used. The film advances automatically and a photographer, shooting at 1/500 seconds, the camera's maximum speed, can make his pictures in five seconds. A camera turns each time the shutter is clicked and a red flag pops into the viewfinder promptly when no film is left. For following rapid action, the camera has a focusing scale, a depth-of-field scale and a spot-view view-

finder. Let us take some pictures.

### SWEET SMOKING.

It was not until a cigarette mania-festivity began adding about ten per cent sugar to tobacco that cigarettes really became popular. In curing tobacco, almost all the natural sugar in the leaf is removed. Sugar or tobacco substance moisture and serves as combustible material. In the process it hides poisons and chemicals in tobacco as they burn, so that a mild and pleasant smoke can be drawn into the mouth.

### ARKY EXISTENCE.

In these days of high prices, eating becomes expensive, but there is a girl named Bhonalakshmi, in Mysore, in South India, who has lived on air for the past few months. She is not ill, nor has she lost any weight. In fact, she is very happy and does all the housework for her family, including the cooking of their meals. Justice A. S. P. Ayer, of Madras High Court, was intrigued by the report about Bhonalakshmi, so he investigated. He was amazed to find that the report was true—who wouldn't be? However, he issued an official report stating "The girl is an unique example of vague karishma (being on air) known only to our sages and described in ancient Hindu books. This case is a challenge to science." He is not kidding. We would like to find the secret.



"Something I can do for — yes! How silly of me."



RIGHT: There is money in modeling for top models, and this model is — the top flight. Hence she is taking a plane trip for a short holiday. It's only the week-end and she is taking off, but, to remain beautiful, girls have to have someone, so our lovely is going to a lake for vacation and returning like a mermaid good bye, but not to us—we'd be missing more of her

## The Flying Mermaid

RIGHT: We moved down to the lake and saw our modeling man swim out about to enter the water. By the look of her costume she took it made then the weekend—and we she really is a mermaid. She willingly asked us to come for a swim, but we forgot our costume—and our tail. You can't catch a mermaid without a tail, so we had to wait until she came out.





This girl was likes swimming. She did not leave the lake until midnight. She removed her tail, then took all the bottom part of her costume. When it was out and smiled when she saw on still smiling. She looked as if she was home—in a plane. We felt quite up by the air about it. But we like strong high. Besides, she can't get out and walk from a plane.

## pointers



*to better health*



### CANCER CURE.

Roosevelt Hospital, in New York, has a new machine which is used in the treatment of cancer. It is a large unit suspended from the ceiling and doesn't stir two beams from sodium crystals. These are trained on the affected spot on the patient. The crystals are in a ring in a mercury-filled cone of the beam projector. When the ring is raised 13 inches to the upper limit of its bath, mercury absorbs radiation and doctors can enter the room without stomach radiation. A safety device prevents the sodium becoming effective until everyone except the patient has left the room. Such concentrated beams prevent the patient suffering from sodium burns on the skin surrounding the cancerous area. During treatment the patient is under continuous surveillance through a plate-glass water-filled tank two feet thick. The focal point of the rays for deep-seated tumors is about four inches below the skin surface.

### PAINLESS OPERATIONS.

A new drug, eflocine, has been produced which deadens pain after operations for as long as 24 days. Crocker Laboratories, near London, is manufacturing the drug in large

quantities. Elocine is injected into a patient after anesthesia preceding an operation. When the patient regains consciousness, there is no pain from the wounds. Feeling does not return until from eight to 24 days. Unfortunately eflocine is not as yet suitable for all operations. Elocine has no healing qualities nor is it harmful in any way, but as a pain destroyer, it is invaluable. With such a drug in use, many people will forget fear that keeps them from seeking necessary surgical aid.

### T.B. OR NOT T.B.

Glebe INN (tuberculosis) and hydroxide to patients in combination with streptomycin may prevent tuberculosis germs from developing an immunity to the new drug, according to a report to the American Chemical Society. INN is the newest anti-T.B. drug in the fight against the dread disease. Dramatic improvements have been noted. However, test tube studies have shown that germs develop a resistance to the drug in its present development. But it is expected that a properly proportioned dose of INN and streptomycin will wipe out germs before they can build up a resistance to both drugs. Scientists say it is only a matter of time.



# a **FARR** better fighter

Tommy Farr thought he could beat Joe Louis. He did not conquer Joe but he conquered the hearts of the U.S. public.

RAY MITCHELL

"GET me Tommy Farr," ordered Mike Jacobs, U.S.A.'s promotional czar, "and to hell with the cost. He fights Joe Louis in August!"

Mike's lawyer, to whom this order was given, did not argue, but passed it off as a joke. He did not say long—he returned with the British Empire heavyweight champion, and the bout was set for August 30. The year was 1937.

Fay Farr the signing for a world title bout was the culmination of a long struggle for recognition. Tommy was slotted, but his friends and admirers were worried. "Tommy is a good boy, but the great Joe Louis! No, Tommy is not ready."

U.S.A. checked up on Farr's record

—and laughed. "Another horizontal champion from Britain! How can this cross-puffer, who has lost a dozen fights and who has scored only seventeen knockouts in seventy-eight contests, expect to last more than a round with the mighty Brown Bomber? Farr will and up the same way as all the other British heavyweights—on his back!"

But while one country worried over Farr's fate and another jeered at his lack of ability, one man was unconcernedly training hard. That man was Tommy Farr, the Welsh miner, who, alone in all the world thought Farr would beat Louis—and spend and so!

Actually the unwilling agent instrumental in securing for Jacobs the

little plot of the year—the Louis-Farr fight—was Sydney Hails, the British promoter. And the story goes back a little way—near twelve months—to the night when the German, Max Schmeling, knocked out the young Negro regarded as Super-man—Joe Louis.

Jimmy Hendcock was world champion at the time and Louis was being groomed as his successor. But, when Schmeling upset the upstart of the New York Athletic Commission ordered Hendcock to defend his title against the German.

Then occurred one of the most fantastic events in recent years. Jacobs, in defiance of the N.Y. Commission stepped in and offered Hendcock a huge sum to fight Louis. When the time arrived for Hendcock to battle Schmeling, Jim pleaded a disability—Max weighed in, but the contest did not take place and Schmeling returned to Germany.

Louis K.O.'d Hendcock and won the title, but England, who never did like the way U.S.A. conducts its boxing, announced that Schmeling had won the crown, by default and Sydney Hails matched the German with Farr for a title fight.

And here Jacobs stepped in. He reasoned: "If Schmeling wins, which he probably will, he will keep the title in Germany. Similarly, if Max comes to America and beats Louis again, he will return to Germany—and I want the champion here. So I'll get Farr to come over! He won't beat Louis and Joe will quip the British after he beats their champion."

While Jacobs' lawyer was in England, Jacobs looked over Farr's history. "Born in Wales, March, 1914—seven years as Louis. One of eight kids. His Hard life. Orphaned when young. Became a miner. Had first professional fight at age of twelve.

Just thirteen years of age when he began boxing tin-canisters."

Jacobs looked up "This kid sounds as though he could be tough. But can he fight?"

Mike went on reading: "Joined a boxing troupe of fourteen. Fought in stadiums around Wales for the next few years, winning sometimes and losing sometimes. Won Welsh light-heavy title at nineteen. Lost to Eddie Phillips, Jack Coney, Charlie Holmes and Dave Costello."

Jacobs passed again: "Hardly a guy to set the world on fire."

"Tommy Longhorn and Bob Olin, two ex-world light-heavy champions, beaten by Farr—him, getting better. Still those two are over the hill—on the way out."

"Won Welsh heavy title in 1934—nothing to write home about," sneered Jacobs. "Was British Empire title won Ben Ford?"

Farr has Farr's record added beside his outmatched Max Bear in London. "That eleven career titles," said Mike. "Probably cleaned through the fight. Still, Farr kept his feet, so he must be tough. With all his feather Bear can hit like the kick of a mule!"

Jacobs picked up the 'phone, pressed a button in his office and in a matter of moments he was waving publicity over the 'phone and doing the same thing in person to his staff. Things began to move. Rows of print were issued on Tommy Farr.

The publicity surrounded Farr and the magnetic appeal of Joe Louis drew 12,000 fans to the Yankee Stadium, New York. Three hundred newspaper reporters were there to record the contest and, of these, only one expected the bout to go the full fifteen rounds. Louis was first to one as in the betting with practically no

interest—and those who backed Farr only did so because of the odds offered up, in the case of him from Great Britain, from sentimental reasons.

Big a great shock awaited the fans who bet on a quick knockout. After a quiet first round in which both men boxed cautiously, Louis turned on the pace a little in the second stanza and found Farr ready to fight. In fact, near the end of that round, Tommy was on the offensive.

The crowd seemed surprised, but waited patiently for Louis to stop "torrying" Farr.

By the end of the fourth round, the crowd was becoming impatient. Action came in the fifth round. Farr moved with two solid rights to the head which stung Louis. Joe drove Farr to the ropes where he bombarded the Welshman with every dynamic punch in his kit. Farr stood there taking everything and fans reached for their hats. But Tommy suddenly stormed back and drove the champion to the other side of the ring. The crowd swung its freedom to Farr.

From then on Farr attacked determinedly and incessantly. Especially the wave of his attacks forced Louis back, but Joe was coming with counter-blows on the backstroke and he was landing more solid, clean blows than the challenger, a fact unobserved by a large section of the crowd, who had been blinded by the conspicuous display of the Empire Championship.

Ten rounds before the bell sounded for the last round, Farr stood up and importantly tapped his gloves together. Then he moved to ring center a second before the bell rang. Tommy made a determined effort to knock out Joe. He stormed in with everything he had. Joe reacted to long

range boxing, but Farr would not be denied. He fought all over Louis in this last round and the crowd went wild. Men and women stood on chairs and screamed for Farr to knock out Louis, their idol, whom they had expected would knock out Farr early in the fight.

The contest was over, the judges and referee's scorecards were collected, and the announcement was made over the amplifiers — "The winner, and still heavyweight champion of the world—Joe Louis."

A storm of boating broke out. Undoubtedly Louis had won it, but the crowd's sympathies had swung its judgment. Louis received the verdict, but Farr won the moral victory not only for himself, but for British boxing.

Jacobs waited no time in signing up Farr for another fight. Jim Deeds, deck furnished the opposition, but again Tommy lost on points. But he gained more friends and fans turned out in their thousands to see Farr battle Max Baer. But Max, this time, was fighting with the object of regaining his world title and he beat Farr convincingly, knocking him down twice in the process.

Farr became a trial horse for American boxers. He lost to Lou Nova and Red Burman. Five fights for five losses was Farr's tally in U.S.A., but he was the most popular loser who ever fought, and upon his return to England, he was hailed as a king. Judging by his reception, one would think he had won the world title, instead of being a five-time loser.

Tommy Farr only fought three more times before retiring. He won those three—in England—and among his victims was Red Burman. He joined the R.A.F. at the outbreak of war, from which he was later dis-

charged due to eye trouble.

Farr made a good deal of money out of boxing and invested a lot of it in Welsh coal mines. He lived in a huge and expensive house which required a gardener and three house servants to run. He opened a bar in Brighton, sold it and opened a cafe.

He also secured a bookmaker's license. He stood, unsuccessfully for Brighton Town Council. Married, with three children, Tommy Farr was respected and regarded as a rich man. He decided to emigrate to Australia, but changed his mind.

Then, like a thunderbolt, came the news that Farr was bankrupt. This was followed by an announcement that he had applied to the British Boxing Board of Control for a license to box again.

So, after a ten years absence from the ring, Tommy Farr made a comeback. He knocked out Joe Khan in

six rounds. By a strange coincidence Joe Louis had his first comeback fight the same night, and as soon as Tommy won his bout he sent a cable to Louis which read: "I've just won my comeback fight. Hope you win yours."

But Louis did not win his. He was outpointed by Edward Clinch.

Farr continued to box and up to December, 1931, he had taken part in ten comeback fights, three of which he lost, including one which ended in the second round—the first time in twenty-five years that Farr had been stopped. But among those ten fights, Tommy secured the Welsh heavyweight title by knocking out Dennis Powell in six rounds—not a bad effort for a thirty-seven year old who had had a ten year's spell from boxing!

And since then Tommy has proved that he is still one of the best heavyweights in the British Empire.



# the QUEEN who killed her LOVER

D. E. LANE



Queen Christina sat aside her lovers after her passions had been used. But she sentenced her favorites to death.

**QUEEN CHRISTINA** of Sweden was at once the victim of a father's love and a mother's hatred. When she was born, in 1626, her body was covered in hair, so that she was at first thought to be a man-child. Her father, Gustavus Adolphus, was generous less tolerant when told that the heir to his throne was a girl.

"Let us thank God," he said. "I hope this girl will be as good as a boy to me. May God preserve her now that He has sent her. And she will be clever, for she has taken us all in."

The baby Christina was indeed as good as a boy to Gustavus. They

were imperious, and he taught her boylike ways. Even as a baby, she was never spared the possible terror attendant on the dress of a Royal Swede, and, in fact, the king learned that the horror he carried out when ever he took her to visit his forebears.

However, her mother, Queen Maria, had a psychopathic dislike for her daughter—even it was rumored, to the danger of trying to kill the baby. Due to carelessness on the mother's part, a heavy object came fell on her, with the result that till her last day, one shoulder drooped lower than the other.

Christina's childhood was brief, for

she was only six when the death of her father in battle placed upon her head the crown of Sweden. An intelligent child, she was quick to recognize her destiny, and her advance in statecraft was so swift that at eighteen, she was ready to undertake the government of her country.

The people wanted her—not merely because they wished her to marry and secure the royal line, but because they loved her. There was nothing of the puppet ruler about Christina, for she defied her advisers by hanging in on and the war which Sweden had been fighting for 19 years. Sweden, she said, had won territory; now, it must establish itself in commerce, and in peace consolidate itself among the great nations.

During the world's respect for her simplicity and intellectuality, she was, at 21, attempting also to bring to Sweden a culture that had been stifled by many years of war.

To her court came the world's most famous poets, artists and musicians; her galleries were filled with priceless paintings, statues and antiquities; and in this dramatic attempt to bring culture and enlightenment to her people, a new Christina was born—a vigorous woman in whom her subjects were to become a negligible factor in her self-satisfaction.

She had never been beautiful, and merely handsome. Her face indicated character, but it was that of a woman who had cared not at all for the criticisms of French wiles and devious. Often, she had gone for days in a man's clothing.

But now, under the influence of the advancing Counter-reformation who frequented her court, her dormant passions awoke. It is said that for her first lover she took a French physi-

cian, Bourdieu, but there might have been many to dispute that honor.

The end was inevitable. Scorning marriage herself, she nevertheless realized that Sweden must have an heir to the throne. So, at 21, she dedicated in favor of her cousin.

Then she entered upon her self-imposed exile. With an assured income and an entourage of nobles ready to give their loyalty to her alone, Christina went to Germany, to Brussels, to Rome.

In this latter city, she surrendered completely to her newly-found love of sumptuous living. Here, too, she discovered the Marquis Mazarin.

Christina truly believed that in the Marquis she had found her ally. As the price of her quitting the throne, she had demanded that she retain her sovereign rights, and that all who accompanied her honorward should be subject to her absolute power. None must leave her court without her permission and her decision must be obeyed without question.

Mazarin, at first certain of the queen's foolishness, willingly pledged his loyalty. Strangely fascinated by her as a woman—and, no doubt, more than a little attracted by the power she yielded, he surrendered to her the power of life and death. And, in return, she gave him a fidelity that surprised and pleased her subjects.

For a time, his influence was great, for he had married the intense passion that had made her actions unpredictable. She became less needy, less cold, and less cruel.

But with time, his influence over her weakened. She became quarrelsome and vindictive. Welcomed by the Pope, she had been lodged in a magnificent palace, and accepted conversion—a circumstance that afforded

the Swedes to the degree that her recovery came to her more slowly and made a return to Sweden impossible.

Now, however, she quarreled with cardinals who sought to restrain her sylvan activities, quarreled, too, with the Marquis, who had become suspicious at last of her personal loyalties.

Realizing that Christina's affections were treacherous, he sought to monopolize her time and even accompanied her to France when she went to visit Louis XIV. His supervision served no purpose, for within a short time, Christina had found another lover—the captain of her guard, a man named Bonnicelli.

The marquis, his vanity humbled, sought revenge—as, perhaps, a means of ending the affair between his mistress and Bonnicelli—by distributing insulting letters about Christina, not, however, under her own name, or even anonymously, but in the forged hand of her rival.

One evening, Father Le Bel, her chaplain, was called to Christina's presence in a gloomy part of the French king's palace at Fontainebleau. He was ordered to bring a packet which she had previously given to him.

He found Christina and Moulds each together. . . . With them were soldiers of the guard. And there, she found the Marquis with his secretary, and showed him the letters she had entrusted to Father Le Bel. . . . the letters which he had himself written. She dismissed the demonstration by telling the marquis that he must prepare for death.

She left, and the marquis beseeched the priest for mercy, pleading as fervently that their leader left to request clemency. He remained with the women that the marquis must die.

Within minutes the sentence had been carried out. Christina displayed no emotion.

When the story of the marquis's end was learned, his death was said to have come at the hands of Bonnicelli, that the guard captain had stabbed him in jealousy. Louis would have liked to have believed the theory, but subsequent stories made that impossible. Finally, he told Christina that she must leave the palace.

She did—but with the pomp of a monarch; she marched out with her retinue, defiant and upright.

With the years the ambition to rule a country returned. When her cousin died without producing the heir whose valise-birth had gained him Sweden's crown, Christina asked that she be re-crowned queen. The nation, mindful of the manner in which she had lived while in exile, repudiated her and, in fact, reduced her income. So, a queen without a country but possessing sovereign rights over her own court, she went back to Italy. There she tried to enlarge her court by accepting into it criminals who sought to escape justice, and consequently brought further disrepute upon herself.

When her activities were brought to the notice of the pontiff, he replied merely: "She is a woman."

That fact, perhaps, was the most destructive agent of the duplicity and strength she had shown in youth.

For born a man, the hair to Sweden's throne would probably have known a mother's love and not have been forced by her father to have forgotten that a woman can afford to possess free sentiments.

But . . . she was born a woman—and she died as such. And only romance and Hollywood have pictured her as being sacrificed.



"I let my guard down when I saw his good conduct ribbon."



# Saucy Sirens of the Silver Screen

QUEEN of all the film stars was Gloria Swanson. She began as a bathing belle in Mack Sennett comedies, progressed to the most successful vamp of the 1920's in deathless opus such as "Don't Change Your Husband," "Why Change Your Wife" and "Hale and Hearty," and was able to make a comeback in her 30's playing the aging has-been in "Sunset Boulevard."

She had five husbands, including one with a grueling life, and in her heyday, in the classic tradition of Hollywood, managed to spend more than her salary of \$4,000 dollars a week.

When she travelled she engaged whole fleets of boats for her swimming servants, convalescers, companions and friends. When she entertained, she invited 500 or more guests, presenting the women with gold compacts and the men with diamond studded cigarette cases.

Even in 1938, she got her start in pictures at 18 as an extra for the Essanay Studios in Chicago.

At 19, Gloria Swanson left for Hollywood on the trail of Wallace Berry, whom she married a few weeks later.

Their marriage, however, lasted only three weeks.

Gloria went on making films. In 1918 she went to Paramount, where Cecil B. de Mille built her up into the famous femme fatale she later became.

Husbands she continued to acquire and shed regularly, as well as participate in a number of widely-publicized extra-marital romances.

Her second spouse was Herbert Sorenson, famous as the originator of the Brown Derby Restaurants. The union only lasted a year, and she was free by April 1921, when she returned from a holiday in France as the Marquise de la Folie de la Gaudrye.

She and the Marquis crossed America to Hollywood in a specially chartered boat. At many towns along the route, school children had been given a holiday, "so they could go down to the station and wave American and French flags at the Chicago Cinderella."

Hollywood, at once, had to go into better. Well-wishers on her arrival pelted her so enthusiastically with flowers that the radiant marequis suffered a black eye.

Her third husband was an Irish playboy named Michael Furness, and her last and final mate was a millionaire, William Darry, who died of acute alcoholism soon after she divorced him in 1936.

To-day, still amazingly young-looking, Gloria Swanson remains a movie queen, with the rare sophistication and elegance that comes to a woman who has made and spent eight million dollars and won and lost five husbands.



# THE GYPSY and the SERVING WENCH



Elizabeth Canning's story continued a case to death. But was that story true?

**I**N the London of 1828, when according to the belief and transportation to the colonies was common justice, there occurred a crime which is to great a mystery today as it was then.

The centre of the storm was an eighteen years old servant girl named Elizabeth Canning — mouse-blonde, pallid-eyed and unattractive; the sort of unimaginative wench who could never expect anything coming to happen to her.

On New Year's night of 1828, Bet Canning disappeared utterly and completely for the space of twenty-eight days. On the evening of January 26, a knock was heard at the door of her mother's workhouse house in Aldersbury Pastern. A lodger opened the door and started back in horror.

It startled the attention that was Bet Canning. "She was clean almost dead, so black as the chimney-sweep, black and blue. She was dressed up with an old bit of handkerchief round her head and an old dirty half-gown. She had no cap, no hat, nor rings on."

She was carried to the fire while neighbours looked over her with cold eyes, and Mrs Canning unravelled at her return. In her net too cold mind, the woman went over the events of four weeks before.

Elizabeth was at the service of old Edward Lyons and his wife, living in, and pretending married household tasks with industry if not imagination. When she received her wages, like the

good girl she was, she went home to the workhouse house and gave them to her mother.

On Christmas Day, Mrs. Lyons rewarded her industrious servant with half a guinea in gold and three shillings in silver and promised her a holiday on New Year's Day.

On this day, Elizabeth dressed in her best purple gown with a white handkerchief and apron. She also wore a black quilted petticoat, a green undersuit, black shoes and blue stockings, and beneath the whole holiday attire, a pair of new rings.

Putting her golden half-guinea Bet Canning stepped out to dine with her uncle and aunt Colley at Hensbald's in the lane back the left Aunt Colley's for home, and wired to her aunt as she vanished in the darkness toward Aldersbury.

She did not return to her home, nor did she report for work at Mrs. Lyons's house.

On the fourth day after she had gone, Mrs. Canning had her friends compose an advertisement for the missing girl.

The only response was from a person who said that on the night in question he had heard a girl cry out in the darkness, followed by the sound of carriage wheels over the cobblestones.

The days fled into weeks and Widow Canning adjusted herself to the certain knowledge that Elizabeth would never return. Then came the heaviest knock at her door and the pitiable figure of Bet entered the room.

She said that, after leaving her aunt Colley's a month before, she had been set upon by two men near Tottenham Hospital. They took the golden half-guinea and hit her over the head. She as accident in her childhood, when part of the ceiling at

Aldersbury Pastern had fallen on her head, Bet had been subject to fits, and the sudden blow had brought on another attack. She remembered as if in a dream, being half-conscious, half-walked along a country road, until they met another man who said "Watch back tonight, brother!"

One of the men holding her replied that he would be able to tell better when he looked him captive over in the light.

They walked for some time into the country until they came to a house. Bet was shoved into a dimly lit kitchen where she saw a swarthy, ugly old gypsy woman sitting by the hearth. She was the ugliest woman that girl had ever seen.

The old woman hurried herself and asked Bet if she was prepared to enter into the spirit of the establishment and "live a life of sin."

When Bet came to this part of her story and her emphatic refusal to comply with the old gypsy, one of her listeners broke in, excitedly:

"Where do you think this house is?" "Somewhere on the Hertfordshire Road," Bet weakly replied.

There was a sudden burst of horror and suspense exclaimed:

"She was at Mother Wells!" and Bet vaguely remembered someone calling someone else Wells or Wells. It all tied up—Elizabeth had been at Mother Wells' brothel at Enfield Wash, a border of houses about eleven miles out of London on the Hertfordshire Road. They demanded for the rest of her story.

At her refusal to become a prostitute the old gypsy had become abusive and hit the girl a blow over the head. With the help of others in the room she had stripped Bet of her fine clothes and put off her new dress with a knife. Then the shivering girl was pushed through a door at the

ANGUS HATWOOD

When the witnesses were checking through the ledger questionnaire filed in by government employees, a copy by a California girl caught them. In connecting on sentences abroad, she wrote in the space provided: "I spent a year in Germany before World War II. Does that make me a Nazi? I spent another year in Russia. Does that make me a Communist? I also own a piece of property in the Virgin Islands."

Just at same state. The door shut behind her.

She found at the head of the stairs, a long narrow room on left, conspicuously empty save for some hay, and in a grate in the chimney, a filthy soiled nightgown. She put it on and curled up in the hay to sleep.

In this room Bet was kept a prisoner for twenty-eight days. She was fed with stale baked crumbs and was given a cracked jug full of water. She was dirty aware of the family below coming and going but the old gypsy never came up to renew her invitation.

On the twenty-eighth day Bet ate the last of her crumbs and drank the last mouthful of water from the cracked jug. Finally she tried to open the window in the room, and when it did not yield, pulled the boards away from beside it, and jumped about fifteen feet to the ground, set out to walk to London.

No one had seen Bet on the Mon-

dayshire Road after coming to prison. She disappeared as mysteriously as she had gone, but everyone believed her story.

Enraged at old Mother Wells' attempt to sell the dirty little servant's virtues, Bet's listeners turned in a body to the Guildhall. A steepy old man heard their story and gave them a warrant for the arrest of Mother Wells. Horses and carriages were commandeered and the whole brass party set out for Enfield Wash.

Elizabeth was on in the middle of the kitchen in which she first appeared to pick out the women who had set off her steps. The room was full of people but she unobtrusively slipped to a dirty and ugly old crevice sitting in a corner smoking a pipe.

"That's her! That's the ugly old gypsy who set off my steps!" she cried.

It was not Mother Wells the procurer to whom she pointed, but a gypsy woman called Mary Squares. Unperturbed, the gypsy replied that on the dates Bet said she had been imprisoned, she had been forty odd miles away in Dorsetshire selling handkerchiefs and needles.

No one was in a fit mood to listen to her—Mary Squares and her daughter, Mother Wells and a woman who did odd jobs for her, named Fortune Matis and his wife Judith, were all bundled into a cart and hustled off to London.

Before they left the house of inquiry, someone asked Bet to show them the room in which she had been kept. She went to the stair door, up the stairs, and stood in the loft.

"This is the room in which I was imprisoned," said Bet and then seemed puzzled. The loft was full of junk—a bed, a chest of drawers, old sundial and a broken tea sign—but no chimney grate from which she could

have taken the old bedgown. Then there was hay scattered about and someone came to light with a broken jug.

"That is the jug from which I drank," averred Elizabeth.

Despite the assurances in her tale the listeners were convinced. They hurried out to overtake the cart of procurers and escort them to London.

On February 21, 1933, the case was tried at the Old Bailey. In a crowded courtroom sat public Elizabeth Canning surrounded by friends. Mother Wells and the gypsy had a formidable contingent of witnesses about them. Mary Squares was tried first for the capital offence of feloniously robbing Bet of her new steps in the value of ten shillings. Witnesses of common character then attested that the gypsy woman had been at least forty miles distant from Enfield Wash at the time of the crime.

Mother Wells, tried on a charge of aiding and abetting Mary Squares, was defended by evidence from Fortune Matis and his wife. Looking at Bet Canning with great hostility, Fortune told how he and his wife had slept in the bed in the loft all the time Elizabeth said she was confined there.

It looked like an open and shut case for the gypsy and Mother Wells, but the jury had its eyes pinned on the thin, wiry-looking figure of Elizabeth Canning. They could not conceive of an innocent servant girl going to these lengths to preserve her character were she not as pure and innocent as she appeared.

They found both procurers guilty—Wells was to be imprisoned and branded—Squares was to be hanged.

The vast public sympathy of London was divided into two camps. One led by the Lord Mayor, Sir Crisp O-

sgood, pleaded for the gypsy party; the other for the virgin servant girl. Widow Canning, as the mother of the virtuous girl, came in for several hundred pounds subscribed by public generosity.

The Lord Mayor's party attempted to blemish Bet's character by suggesting she had not been at Mother Wells' at all; that she had, in fact disappeared to procure an abortion, or else a midnight elopement had been abandoned by her lover in the cold light of day.

Devastating for Crisp's party was the day. Further investigations showed the case had been rushed through with the best-headed recklessness of a lynching party. On inspection it was seen that such news have been locked in the loft—the door was secured with a leather strip she could have opened easily from inside. There was the matter of the extra furniture in the room and how could a girl survive a month on such meagre diet as bread and water, then leap from a window and walk eleven miles to London—all without being seen once. Further, why did she not try to escape earlier?

Shortly after, Elizabeth Canning stood in the dock charged with perjury. She showed no emotion when sentenced to seven years transportation to the American colonies.

Mother Wells and Mary Squares were pardoned and Bet Canning was shipped to America where she remained till her death at the age of thirty-eight years. Till the end she served her listeners and the truth of her story. Unimpeachable Elizabeth could not have made up her adventure unaided, but improbable as the story sounded, no one ever came forward with a true account of where the servant girl had been for those twenty-eight days.



• A slow clock is never right—a stopped clock is right twice a day. • Some people have no respect for apt titles if it is bottled. • A boxer's best friend is his mother. • Did you hear about the reducing expert who was always making his wife feel small? • The India-rubber man from the circus wrote his autobiography. He began as a bouncing baby. • We know of a high-class chameleon who turned out to be a heel. • An economist will tell you without everything you need. • Some women say it is just as hard to find a husband after marriage as before. • The man of the hour is the one whose wife told him to wait just a minute. • A marriage is a success when they live happily ever after. • Where there's smoke there's a head cooking. • The one word which makes marriage successful is "ours." • In U.S.A. political campaigns are televised. Keeping an eye on the politicians. • Whoever may you trust the dial during an election campaign, you hear someone twisting the truth. • Never knock the weather—nine-tenths of the people could not start a conversation if it did not change once in a while. • All a young man does is think about love—all an old man does about love is think. • A boy should learn right from wrong at his mother's knee—or across his father's. • Ad, in newspapers: "Will share office with responsible party. Desk, telephone and limited use of office girl." • People who say you cannot feel nature, have never watched a beautiful at work.

• A farmer was laboriously driving his team of horses along a dusty road. Progress was very slow. After going for some time he came across a man sitting under a tree. The farmer said "How much longer does this team till last?" The man said "You ain't riding on no HIL," he replied, "your hind wheels is all."

KATH  
WING

# TIMBER TROUBLE

WRITTEN BY  
SYDNEY  
GREENGLASS •  
DRAWN BY  
PHIL  
DELMONTE



HE'S OUT OF TOWN FOR  
A WHILE. I SAID HE RENT  
ON THE JOB. WHAT  
ELSE COULD IT BE?



IF TRUCK HNT ON THE  
JOB HE'S IN TROUBLE.



WHILE KATH OFFERS  
TRUCK TOLD FOR HIS  
KEEPING IN TOUCH  
WITH HIM. SHE TELLS  
TELEPHONE RINGS AND



BUT KATH'S WITH THE  
TRUCK. SHE'S FOUND  
TRUCK CAR - ABANDONED



I'M COME ON THIS JOB  
MYSELF...



AS KATH LONG REMAINS  
THE REMINDER IS  
TOLD TOLD HAS BEEN  
ASSIGNED TO BE IN-  
CHARGE OF THE TRUCK  
BUSINESS. \*\*\*\*\*



AS KATH IN THE WILD  
COUNTRY HAS CAR HAS  
BEEN FOUND. ABANDONED



I'M ALMOST THERE...



WELL, THERE'S THE  
TOWN. I WONDER  
WHERE THE TRUCK  
CAME...



KATH ARRIVES AT  
WILLOWDALE, READY TO  
TACKLE THE JOB...



CAUTIONS KATH BE-  
GINS TO QUESTION  
PEOPLE IN THE LITTLE  
COUNTRY HOTEL ABOUT  
THE DISTRICT - AND  
TIMES. \*\*\*\*\*



HOW INTERESTING! I'D  
LIKE TO SEE THAT  
TIMBER CAMP!





MORNING COMES AFTER  
RECEIVED THE NEWS  
AND WASHES HER  
TO VISIT THE LOCAL POLICE



MARY IDENTIFIED HERSELF  
AND TOLD THE POLICE  
WHAT SHE KNEW  
ABOUT THE CASE



WELL, HERE, IT JUST  
LOOKED AS IF HE  
WAS GOING AWAY FROM  
THE CASE. THE BOSS  
WAS VERY DUTY IN IT  
WOULDN'T HOLD SIGNS  
OF A STRUGGLE.



"THANKS, SERGEANT  
I'LL GO AND LOOK AT  
THE CAR WHERE THE  
CAR WAS FOUND"



THE ACCORDING TO THE  
REPORT, ONE OF THE CAR  
WAS THERE ...



IT'S NO GO! EVEN KNOW  
THE EXACTLY WHERE  
THE CAR WAS  
FOUND, MARY CAN'T  
FIGURE OUT WHAT MIGHT  
HAVE HAPPENED



I KNOW I'M WAITING FOR  
THE CAR, BUT I HAD TO GO



BUT THERE IN THE CAR  
WAS A BATTERY, BATTERED  
AND BROKEN, BUT ...



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH  
THE CAR WAS  
DAMAGED. THE TELE-  
PHONE LINE IS  
SHIPPED



MARY TAKES HER END  
TO THE POLICE

IF ANY MORE  
IN THAT BATTERY  
WERE EXPOSED, THEY  
SHOULD STILL SHOW  
SOMETHING.



THE CAR WAS  
TELEPHONE LINE  
THAT MEANS THE CAR  
WAS TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE



THE DEVELOPED FILM  
SHOW THAT THE CAR  
TAKEN PHOTOGRAPH  
OF A CEDAR FALLING ...









## The Tattooed Corpse

RONALD HENDERSON • FICTION

THE corpse attendant shook his head. His rheumy old eyes were clouded back to the sheeted form lying on the slab.

"Wouldn't do any good to look at her, Lieutenant Duncan." He shrugged his shaggy shoulders as Matt Duncan, my brother-in-law, looked at him quizzically. "They didn't find the head."

The description of the female corpse was a master stroke of description—but for one mistake made by the killer.

I swallowed hard, and I could feel the skin tighten around my ears. Corpses, as such, are not supposed to fascinate or stir my last six months in the Army have been wasted. But, affixed, I can think of at least five things that are more pleasant to look at than the corpse of a hardline woman.

I just stood there, dumb, waiting for Matt to speak. Interest sparkled in his shrewd grey eyes. I could almost see his nostrils flare. Like a hard dog on a scent.

"You, my Miss Delroy made positive identification of her sister? How could she, Hurley?"

"The wrist watch and the ring the body was wearing." He hesitated, a stooped old man whose parchment-like skin glinted in the bright overhead light. "I called you in soon as she left, like you told me to. She seemed very definite. Never even mentioned the tattoo mark."

Matt's eyes widened. "Tattoo mark?"

For a moment I forgot the cold lump in my stomach. Outside of circus performers I had never heard of a woman being tattooed.

"Just above the left knee. A pink ovalish." The old man turned back to the slab, lifted up the edge of the sheet. "TE show you."

I turned my head away. The squeamish feeling had returned stronger than ever. The pungent disinfectant smell of the place was making me sick. A few seconds later I heard Matt say:

"Miss Delroy didn't see this mark?"

"No, sir."

Matt made a grunting sound. "Thanks, Hurley." He took me by the arm and we left the place. The fresh air of the hot summer night was sweet perfume.

I was home on a short furlough. Six months ago, Uncle Sam had decided

## EXIT BODY ODOURS

(AND BAD BREATH, TOO—  
especially athletic friends!)

## Take ENZODE CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

STAY FRESH ALL DAY! ALL DAY!

No matter how hot the day, how stuffy the room, what time of the month—he is fresh as though you had stepped right out of a shower. Enzode probably was all day all year. So now Take Enzode-Chlorophyll Tablets

**2/7** PER PACKET

EXTRA ECONOMY SIZE, **7/10**  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

## WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?



ISAAC NEWTON (A Rosicrucian)

**W**HY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

Know the mysterious world within you! Arouse yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Leave the secrets of a dull and peaceful life! Isaac Newton—renowned philosopher and discoverer of the law of gravitation—like many others learned and great men and women—was a Rosicrucian. The Rosicrucians (NOT

a religious organization) include in its membership—people from every walk of life—from every age and race. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world.



### THIS BOOK FREE

Write for YOUR FREE COPY of "The Mystery of Life"—TODAY. No obligation. A non-profit organization. Address: Suite 300F, I

(MORO)  
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

**The ROSICRUCIANS**

**SEND THIS COUPON—**

Suite 300F.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC), San Jose, California.

Please send me the free book, *The Mystery of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

that as a bank teller I would make a good entrepreneur.

I had been living with Matt and Molly, my sister, ever since they were married. I'd only known in town that afternoon and after leaving my bag at the bank went downstairs at Molly's special request to make sure Matt got home early. He was attached to the Missing Persons Bureau and forgot time, food, everything, if he was working on a case.

We were just leaving his office when the call came from the morgue, and he changed me along with him. On the ride to the morgue he had told me something of the case he was working on.

A week before, Janet Delany had reported her sister Helene as missing. She was positive her sister had come to some badly harm and made a daily pilgrimage to the morgue. She had only been living with Helene a little over a month, since her sister had split up with her husband.

Matt had made the routine investigations. As far as he had been able to find out, the girl had no previous or criminal background. On the night of her disappearance, she had failed to show up at the factory where she had just taken a job on the evening shift.

Men had been authorized to look the girl had just wanted to go away for a few days, supposedly as she had recently had a breakup with her husband. He left instructions at the morgue to call him just in case her sister did identify a body.

Outside the morgue, Matt hailed a cab.

"Well," I said, putting on the checkered suit, "now that's off your mind, let's get home. Molly's waiting a bit road down the highway. You know how she hates to keep waiting with—"

Matt nodded absent-mindedly.



## DEFEAT DANGEROUS DANDRUFF

Don't let dangerous Dandruff hinder your chance. Defries risk your scalp of this irritating condition in a new way. A new, secret formula, Danfree is smothering thousands of men and women to go about their daily life free of Dandruff worry. Get Danfree from your chemist or hairdresser. Read what satisfied users say—

Dear Sam:  
Several weeks ago I purchased a bottle of "Danfree". Two applications completely rid my hair of all foreign matter. "Danfree" completely satisfied me where other preparations had failed. R.C. McComb, Wis.

Dear Sam:  
Almost after using it for about one week, the persistent dandruff has disappeared. I am recovered "Danfree" to everybody and have told all my friends about it. R.N.A., Dundee, Vic.

**Quick-Acting**

## DANFREE

6/- at chemists and hairdressers.

"We'll just step off at Miss Delroy's house on the way."

He had already given the caddy the address. I knew better than to argue with him.

The cab pulled up before a small brownstone apartment house on a quiet side street. We stepped into the hallway and Matt punched a button marked "Delroy." In a few seconds a bellboy "Who is it?" waited into the hallway through the opening door.

Matt gave his name and the bellboy scowled releasing the lock. We walked up three flights. Miss Delroy was standing on the landing waiting for us. She looked curiously at my uniform.

Matt waved his hand in my direction. "Just a relative—Officer Campbell. We are on our way home, but I wanted to speak to you about your sister."

She nodded and led us into her apartment. It was the kind of place you would expect two girls to have. One large room, which served as a living-room and bedroom. Against the wall was a stolid couch with a lot of fuzzy pillows on it. It had one of those department store displays—off to one side a door opened into a kitchenette. The iron framework of a fire escape was visible through the open window.

Matt came right to the point. "I've been to the morgue," he said.

"I suspected you had," she spoke in a flat-tomato voice which was in keeping with her colorless appearance. It was hard to judge her age because of the thick-lensed glasses she was wearing, but I would guess she was in her late thirties. She wore her hair combed straight back, tied in an unattractive bun on her neck. Like a detective's idea of a spinster aunt.

She had on a black dress, plain and severe, which did nothing at all for her figure, if she had one. The strong odor of perfume came to me something of a shock. I couldn't picture a woman like Janet Delroy, who obviously cared nothing for her appearance, exhibiting an such a feminine delicacy.

"We have to make sure of the identification," Matt continued. "You are positive it is your sister?" He took a packet of cigarettes from his pocket, offered her one. She didn't even bother to shake her head, just ignored his outstretched hand. Matt finally put them back in his pocket.

"Of course. I gave her the ring she was wearing for a birthday present, years ago."

"There were no marks on the body you could identify?" Matt pressed.

"Not that I know of." She hesitated, as though thinking back. "Of course, up until a month ago I hadn't even my sister for years," she explained. "Why do you ask?"

"Well—there was a rather unusual mark on the knee of the—er—body. A mark that could easily be identified."

For a moment the Delroy woman didn't speak. It was difficult to guess her thoughts because of the inability to see her eyes through the thick glasses, but I gained the impression she had tightened up.

"If it was a year from a recent operation or something of that sort, I wouldn't know about it." She waited for Matt to volunteer the information. When he didn't, she asked him abruptly, "What kind of a mark was it?"

"It's not important. I'll check with her husband."

His thin-lipped mouth tightened. "Yes. He probably could help you out on that."

"I take it you have little use for your sister's husband."

"I have never met him and I never want to." Her voice was weakish in its intensity.

Matt was silent for a moment, then shrugged and stepped toward the door. "I'm sorry to have bothered you with, Miss Delroy. Police routine you know."

She nodded but said nothing as we left her little apartment.

Out on the street, Matt said, "Well, what did you think of her?"

"Not my idea of a pin-up girl. I'd say she'd been disappointed in love and was out on this. But let's go home before that get stuck is burned in a crib—along with Molly!"

"Yes, sure. After we see Selma's husband."

"Now listen, Matt," I protested.

"Why back the obvious? Selma Delroy is dead. Her body has been found and identified. Let's go home and eat."

He gave me a understanding smile.

"One of the first things I learned as a cop was to be suspicious of the obvious. That's the trouble with this whole case. It's too obvious. I don't like it. The position that the girl lying on the corpse slab is not Selma Delroy."

"But the ring and the wrist watch—"

"They could have been planted."

I thought I knew what had raised his suspicions. "If you are thinking of the latter mark, it wouldn't be unusual for a girl to hide a thing like that from her sister."

Matt nodded. "That's true. But she couldn't very well hide it from her



**Only  
REGULAR  
guys  
can be "regular guys"**

You'll only be HALF a man if you stick to just washing down of Schumann's! Schumann's gets everything loose out of your system with regular regularity. Keep up the "house work" to keep your skin clear and healthy. Schumann's is pleasant to take . . . and doesn't leave a taste! For facts—**CALL 666-51**

In cases of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Goutic, Gravel, all skin, Acid Conditions and Constipation be sure you take your Schumann's.

**SCHUMANN'S** MINERAL SPRING **SALTS**

1/9 & 3/5 or all chemists and stores.

FOR MEN: SHAKE — SHOWER — SCHUMANN'S.

1717



# MEN

Here's a **NEW**  
**LEASE OF LIFE**  
with **NU-MAN**

**NU-MAN** creates **JOVE**  
**NUTRIL** **TESTOSTERONE**  
(Growth Male Hormone). This  
is why it has achieved such  
remarkable results in bringing  
men energy and masculinity in  
youthful development. **NU-MAN**  
Have you lost your appeal?  
Do you look weary? Are  
you run down, nervous, worried  
and tired?  
Remember, the more your  
sexual production is because  
you are the better you develop  
other body parts, in the end,  
you may become a man in your  
mid-40s. To avoid this it is really  
necessary to replace these  
hormones, probably before the  
developing process runs forward  
the only way to do it is by  
absorbing a new supply from the  
testosterone by using **NU-**  
**MAN**, you do realize that the  
concentrated testosterone creates  
a healthy blooded man who  
has been through the develop-  
ing process in his body. **NU-**  
**MAN** is absolutely safe and  
healthy.

## IMPORTANT

The natural production of  
hormones can slow down as  
you age, and at any time  
like a man, whatever your  
age, you need **NU-MAN** if  
you notice these and one of  
these symptoms.

Learn more about **NU**  
**TEAR THIS OUT AND**

**Send for** **FREE BOOK**  
**and FREE SAMPLE**

A. E. WARD & CO.,  
Dept. C25, Box 1121  
S.W., Sydney, N.S.W.

**LABEL**, Write for Health  
Chart

Colburn's eyes narrowed, "Identified her? You mean—she is dead?"

Matt nodded. "We like to verify the identification. Did you will have any scar, any unusual mark on her body, which could positively identify her?"

Colburn's teeth flashed as his mouth widened in a grin. The news of his wife's death hadn't bothered him.

I waited expectantly for his answer. Colburn stepped casually to a coffee table, took a cigarette out of a silver box. There was a slight tremor about his movements that reminded me of a shaking alley cat. He tapped the end of his cigarette a few times on his thumbnail, then lit it.

"Yes," he said finally, "my wife had a mark which would positively identify her." Smoke curled out of his mouth and his dark eyes glinted in cruel amusement.

"She had a small mole on her forehead just above the left brow. A few years ago it was 'quite a bit with the lotion,' he explained. 'Before he'd it done one night after having a few drinks too many.'

My eyes shifted to Matt. He never flickered an eyelid, although I knew Colburn's statement had knocked his theory for a snail's pace. He merely nodded. "That's her."

He studied Colburn closely for a minute. "Your wife was murdered," Colburn. Did she carry much insurance?"

For some reason I couldn't explain, I was a little disappointed at Matt's cool acceptance of Colburn's casual statement. It was evident that he had, at last, accepted the fact that it was Saline's body in the morgue. His interest now had switched to the motive.

"Yes," Colburn answered coolly. "She was heavily insured."

Then you would stand to collect quite a sum."

**THIS BOOK FREE**  
with every copy

**WHAT EVERY**  
**MARRIED MAN**  
**SHOULD KNOW**



A Book  
of Vital Importance  
to Every Married Man —  
or Men About to be  
Married!

Few books contain such frank, open, easily understood information as this splendid book, "What Every Married Man Should Know." It answers questions that are vital to married happiness, it explains why most marriage failures occur. This book has opened the eyes of thousands — it will help you. In a man will discover many of the things they do not know about their wives — but should.

## Partial List of Contents

The necessity of sex — Symptoms of Marriage — Continued Coyness — The Creation of a New Life — Pregnancy — Pains of a Husband — Pains of a Wife — Talks to a Man — and Woman — The Solution of a Man — Sexuality — Sexuality — Changes of Habits — Modernity — Theories of Sex Relationship, etc.

**LIMITED EDITION**  
**Post Coupon Now!**

**"PRIVATE WORDS" —**  
**EXTRA FREE!**

As a special privilege after to all readers who purchase "What Every Married Man Should Know" we are offering absolutely FREE a copy of this confidential booklet "PRIVATE WORDS" — for adult men and women only.

**MARRIAGE BOOKS CO.,**  
Publishing Dept. C4, Rose Plaza, SYDNEY.

I am the sole judge of the value of "What Every Married Man Should Know." I am not perfectly satisfied with the book, I can return them, and have my money refunded in full.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CW, 1/1/53





## SEX KNOWLEDGE

If you are married, or about to be, you should send for . . .

## SEX EDUCATION IN PICTURES

by David Farrell, 11A post free

### SEND NOW

Also available — "The Sex Factor in Marriage," by Helen Wright, 8/6, post free. For other sex literature send 34d. Stamp.

## EDUCATIONAL EXTENSION COLLEGE,

Dept. 26,  
Box 1430, G.P.O., Sydney

ing me in a few minutes. I perceived that was what happened me up. At any rate, I crept silently up the three flights of stairs. I placed my eye to the door of the Delroy apartment.

I heard Matt say, "You'll never get away with it." He went into a song and drove about the Hurricane Squad being up at Joe Harcourt's. I could tell he was stalling for time. And there could be only one reason for him to stall.

I thought of trying to crash the door, then I remembered the fire-escape. Quickly, I crept up the stairs to the top floor. An iron ladder led to the roof. I pushed open the trap door, stepped out on to the tarpapered roof. I slipped off my shoes, stepped on to the fire-escape.

Just before I got to the open window of the Delroy apartment, I stopped. There wasn't a sound coming from the place, I peered down, over the top of the driven blind into the room.

Matt was standing to one side, facing the window. Janet Delroy, her glasses off, stood over by the wall near the phony fireplace. Standing in front of Matt, his back to the window was a man. He was holding a pistol lightly in his hand.

Janet Delroy was quietly manoeuvring around behind Matt. The poker in her hand left no doubt as to what she was going to do, I decided there was no time to waste.

I bent into the room head first. I saw the look of fear on Janet Delroy's face. The man with the gun saw it too, for he jumped to one side as he pivoted. It was Sam Callahan.

The drunken man all that Matt needed. He fast caught Callahan just as he was about to bring the barrel of the pistol down on my head. Sam cracked against him, and Callahan sank limply to the floor. I picked up

# Pelmanism

IS SCIENTIFIC TRAINING OF MIND  
MEMORY AND PERSONALITY



### Interest-Power

Interest makes life purposeful and quickens the intelligence. It discovers the real meaning, the energy and movement, of what engages our minds and so keeps us alert and responsive in any circumstances and in any company. The Pelman Course increases interest-power.

Interest-power may be the cause or the effect of other qualities which Pelmanism sets out to develop in the individual pupil. These qualities are:

Observation	Will Power	Decision
Self-Confidence	Judgment	Organization
Concentration	Insistence	Serial Rate
and a HOLDFAST MEMORY		

for facts, figures, names, prices, appointments and useful data of every kind.

The Exercises require good habits of mind and memory in place of careless and slovenly ones, and when the concepts and sub-concepts in this every faculty will contribute to show in making a good performance of anything that has to be done.

The Pelman Service is founded on experience with 65,000 pupils of this branch and on the related experience with more than 250,000 World Pelmanists.

### The Efficient Mind

"The Efficient Mind" describes, in detail, the Pelman Course. Copies are posted free. Apply to the Pelman Institute, 31 Gloucester Place, 344 Broadway Lane, Melbourne. Call, write or telephone MB 2322.

I was now commencing for much bigger results, which it is a great help to me in dealing with V.I.P.s, Governors.

My will power, concentration and observation have improved particularly. I have moved up to the class on the first list or thereabouts—Mr 1819, London.

In my last exam, I had no difficulty in recalling facts and figures, although some were quite complicated—J 2179, the Paris.

I concentrated on an old test book and have been able to make a great improvement in the short composition—J 2179, the Paris.

The Course is complete and thorough and the progress is rapid—J 2179, the Paris.

It gave me a lot of pleasure to be told in this booklet how much my work had improved the progress of my short composition. The first was the original situation—J 2179, the Paris.

My emotional control has improved noticeably—J 2179, the Paris.

Headquarters. London

Est. March 1907

### New Zealand Inquiries

The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the Reserve Bank, has made arrangements to enable students of New Zealand to travel for up to Pelman Courses of Training without delay. Write to the New Institute to the Pelman Institute, Melbourne.

### TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE, 31 Gloucester Place, The Strand Lane, Melbourne

Please send me, free and post free, a copy of "The Efficient Mind".

Name .....

Address .....

24-48



# THIS AMAZING HORMONE TONIC RESTORES NATURAL HEALTH!



ASK FOR THE NEW  
TYPIC PROOF  
GLASS CONTAINER

KINFORT'S  
**fortex**  
HORMONE THIAMIN COMPLEX

2 1/4 OZ FULL MONTH'S  
SUPPLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

After thirty years of age, your body slows down its own natural manufacture of hormones. You start to grow short of them. You start to need them. The result is part of what we call "growing old." It shows in skin, hair, muscle-tone, mental alertness and general health.

FORTEX is a penetrating cream, richly-laden with hormones. It massages into your skin in a few seconds. It uses the skin's natural channels to feed these hormones directly into your system. Within five days — often only two or three days — you feel the tremendous effect. It turns back the clock ten years! Since men and women are physically different, their hormone requirements are different, too. Therefore there is a Fortex Blue Label for men and Fortex Yellow Label for women. Ask your chemist for Fortex Hormone Tonic and restore your natural health within five days!

## MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Since this remarkable tonic is somewhat expensive, please use it as directed for a full week.

Then if you wish you may return it to Kinfort Pty. Ltd., Box 111, G.P.O., Sydney, with not more than quarter of the contents used. You will receive an immediate refund of the whole of your purchase price. This offer shows how confident Kinfort is that this modern scientific tonic will improve your health noticeably within seven days.

"Fortex" is sold by chemists everywhere. They can prove immediate relief from all wholesalers. But if you have any difficulties in buying "Fortex" locally, please contact Kinfort Pty. Ltd., 234 George Street, Sydney.

the gun, as Matt turned on Janet Delroy.

After I had retrieved my shoes, and the Handicraft men had left, I said to Matt, "Okay, Give out."

Matt lit a cigarette.

"When a corpse is found without a head or otherwise badly disfigured, the reason is generally to prevent identification. But in this case, the killer had neglected to remove jewellery, which didn't make sense."

"I was pretty sure the corpse wasn't Selma Delroy. When Callahan told us her wife had that letter mark, I was puzzled but not convinced. Then the whole thing became crystal clear when Harley told me Joe Barnett had identified the corpse as his wife. I knew she had wanted Joe to leave Callahan's employ because of the petrol coupon racket. She was suddenly going to spend on Callahan. He had to get rid of her. But first he fixed it so that the corpse would be identified as his wife."

Matt shook his head. "This was smart because no suspicion would revert to him. No motive. He even had his wife change the beneficiary of her

insurance."

"Hey, wait a minute," I protested. "How about Selma Delroy?"

Matt laughed. "I thought you had guessed. Selma never disappeared. She just changed her name to Janet. I knew she couldn't see with those glasses she was hiding behind. But at the time I couldn't figure out why she was wearing them. When we were up here before, I offered her a cigarette and she didn't even see my hand."

Matt ground out his cigarette. "After we left her, she called the coroner to find out what the mark was on the corpse. They telephoned Callahan to warn him. Callahan had to act fast. He had to kill the only man who could identify his victim—Joe Barnett. He did this while we were waiting for him at the town."

"It was a shrewd plot, but they overplayed it. When I came back here, I told the Delroy woman I knew who she was and that she was taking the rap for Callahan."

He shrugged. "Callahan was hiding in the kitchenette. You know the rest."

## THE KINFTON MAGAZINE

Lodge this form with your local agent or bookstall or post to the Subscription Department, CAVALCADE Magazine, 21 Young Street, Sydney.

Subscription rates in Australia and Mandated Territories

15/- per annum **POST FREE**

Overseas countries 18/- per annum, plus postage.

Please reserve for one copy of "CAVALCADE" for one year.

NAME  (Block letters, please)

STREET

STATE  TOWN

Please add exchange to country and interstate cheques. 1/6

# Talking Points

## DALTONS

Walt King, well-known writer of westerns, as he has chronicled in "The Darling Daltons," on page 24. This is not fiction, but solid fact. The Daltons were the most dare-devil outlaws of the old west.

## ESPIONAGE

Kurt Sauer, famous writer of spy stories, tells of what happened when spies operated in U.S.A. during World War II. Kurt is the author of many books.

## TRESPASSER

For a long time James Hollidge has interested readers of *Canalogue* with his articles. This journalist knows how to turn out the stuff you like to read and he has a knack of finding unusual stories. Like this one, about the youth who repeatedly entered Buckingham Palace.

## MEDICAL

Two medicine for you this month. "The Verdict of Shock Treatment" on page 8, and "They Wanted to Change Sex" on page 24.

## BOXING

Ray Mitchell, Australian correspondent to the *American "Ring"*, writes of Tommy Farr—how he went to U.S.A. to help Mike Jacobs capture the heavyweight market, how the fans laughed when he was selected as an opponent for Joe Louis, and

and how the Welshman made those fans turn to cheer.

## NEXT MONTH

Murder is one of the worst crimes in the calendar, yet it is a subject of avid interest, whether fact or fiction. The pattern of "Murder as Fact and Fiction" differ and John Allen has written an interesting article under this title. All students of reptiles know of Eric Worrell, a professional snake catcher, and everyone has read of the deadly tarantula spider. Read about this fantastic snake in Eric's article, "We caught the Tarantula—Alive!" The world has always had crocodiles, but Timothy Deane made his crazy claim pay. Angela Haywood tells of him in "The First Lord of America." Women have always played men's destinies. Two dozens in Poland became mistresses of the most powerful men in the land, and Macabred recalled Lester Way writes of these women in "A Banquet From Milan." The Sunny Stream series continues with Clara Bow. Have you ever seriously noted how much professional boxers earn? Ray Mitchell tells what happens to that money, and explains why boxers earn their money the hard way. Look for "Boxing Is Not Easy Money." James Hollidge tells of Whittier Ray, "The Terror of Texas," a man who was one of the most ruthless killers in U.S. history.



**Our  
Customers  
like . . .**

*Fill from the  
Red, White & Blue Pump at*



**A 9  
WIDE PERCENT  
SAVING PLAN**

**THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LTD.**





*For all sports...*

For all occasions you can now buy what every man wants — snug-fitting, comfortable, attractive trousers. Stamina craftsmen have produced what are considered to be the world's best trousers — Stamina Self-Supporting Trousers.

If you want pleasure in your leisure; style, comfort in your sport, secure this world's best trouser — the popular Stamina Trouser.

ASK  
FOR

# Stamina

SELF-SUPPORTING

# TROUSERS

TAILORED FROM A SPECIAL CRUSADER CLOTH